THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASWATI MAHAL.
1197

THE

INFIDEL MOTHER,

&c. &c. &c.

VOL. I.

THE

INFIDEL MOTHER:

OR,

THREE WINTERS IN LONDON.

Serfojee Rajah

1197

By CHARLES SEDLEY, Esq.

AUTHOR OF 'THE MASK OF FASHION,' &c. &c.

Manners, with fortunes—humors turn with climes:
Tenets with books; and principles with times.

POPE.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

SECOND EDITION.

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MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASWATI MAHAL. THE TANJORE

DEDICATION

TO MR. NOBODY.

INVISIBLE SIR!

I can well remember, in my boy-hood, to have heard YOU represented as the author of all the casualties — ordinary and extraordinary — that happened in our family.

This Mr. NOBODY—methought—must be a very naughty sort of SOMEBODY. I, therefore, shunned HIM, and courted EVERYBODY.

I was affluent, and EVERYBODY eagerly received my advances.—It was, however, a very fleeting distinction. Fortune turned jade, and threw me; and there I lay, without ANYBODY to pick me up, when NOBODY came, *humanely*, to my assistance.

"I will analyse this Gentleman's character," quoth I.

Who gives patronage to genius?

NOBODY.

Who seeks modest merit, in the shade, for the benevolent purpose of transplanting it in a more congenial soil?

NOBODY.

Who *unostentatiously* succours the indigent?

NOBODY.

Who, in short, is the *voluntary* friend of mankind?

NOBODY.

Condescend, then, philanthropic Sir! to accept this Dedication, in testimony of my gratitude; even, though it bear not the tinsel of ornamental flattery.

Under your patronage, I may safely usher my offspring to the world—a comfort unrealised by former dedications—satisfied, that, if EVERYBODY rejects the brat, as ill-favored, NOBODY will foster it; and discover point—satire—truth—in every smiling feature of my little bantling.

I have the honor to be,

INVISIBLE SIR,

Your most obedient,

And most humble servant,

THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

Whatever of the good—the bad—or the indifferent—may characterise the followin pages, originate in VANITY; *for had not the Public, obligingly, stamped a merit on my* MASK OF FASHION, *I should not have presumed upon this new essay.*

Be it known, however, to all classes and descriptions of novel readers—whether male or female—that neither GHOST, MYSTERY, *nor* UNNATURAL SURPRISES, *dignifies these volumes. They contain portraits of Men and Manners; and those unskilled in paintings of that description, will do well to return the set, unopened, to their Circulating Library.*

THE AUTHOR.

London, March 1807.

THE

INFIDEL MOTHER,

&c. &c. &c.

"*Quarter less five*,"—loudly sang the seaman from the chains—the gale blew steadily—and the bounding vessel neared her destined port.

Approaching boats soon hailed the Tankerville packet from Jamaica; and, with a fluttering heart, our hero prepared to set his foot on English ground.

A long train of baggage bespoke the

affluence of the voyager; who, having hastily distributed ten guineas among the officers of the customs, eagerly proceeded on his way to town.

The stranger was the last prop of a respectable family, whose genealogical tree branched, proudly, from the conquest of Jamaica, by Columbus; in whose armament, his ancestor bore a distinguished command. Large revenues, patriotically spent in promoting the honor and welfare of their country, had, hitherto, dignified the descendants of this ancient house. The family mansion had long been renowned as the seat of hospitality; and its successive masters revered for their domestic virtues.

Mr. John Torrid, late proprietor of these rich domains, had been liberally educated at Harrow school; and added the powers of a capacious mind to the graces of a manly person.

On the eve of his return to the West Indies, he became enamoured with an English lady, of decayed fortunes, whom he married; and she cheerfully became the companion of his voyage. Nor did he fear to meet a father's frown: Henrietta had been the delight of the small, but respectable, circle, in which she moved; where her personal endowments were considered her least attraction: delicacy of sentiment, and vivacity of manners, embellished good sense; while the marked propriety of her manners engaged an universal admira-

tion. But, alas! how transitory are all the blessings of this life! the amiable Henrietta lived not long to partake the happiness she was born to diffuse.—A second parent's blessing had scarcely warmed her heart, when a mother's still more endearing affections seemed to hail her the happiest of her kind. She died in the month; leaving her husband wretched in the severest extreme.

This shock was succeeded by the loss of his father; and the measure of his woes brimm'd the full cup of sorrow.

Time, however, the grand restorator of peace, and the peculiar boon of Heaven, to moderate the sufferings of humanity, mellowed, although it could

not wholly assuage, the rooted agonies of his heart. The *memory* of his adored wife, now, occupied the affections of Mr. Torrid; to which, and to the dawning beauties of the cherub pledge her love had left him, he, for a time, exclusively, devoted himself: till, aroused by a sense of what he owed the world, he taught his features to wear a cheerful air; and imperceptibly, the hall of his forefathers became, again, the seat of hospitality.

The boy—whom he named Henry in compliment to his wife—with encreasing years, won on the encreasing affections of his father: his person was tall—his frame agile—his countenance lively and open—his heart warm—his disposition vehement—and his generosity

profuse. His father—whom no argument could induce to part with this his only remaining joy—procured a gentleman from Oxford, at a most liberal stipend, to undertake his education.

Under the lenient, yet impressive, doctrine of this gentleman, the youthful Henry gave early promise of a mind congenial with his father's fondest wishes. It is true—Mr. Torrid saw, with some degree of pain, an impatience, in the nature of his son, which boldly resisted every thing in the shape of opposition; but this error, he trusted, future observation, and the inborn goodness of his boy's heart, would gradually correct.

In the mean time, a dreadful insurrection broke out among the negroes of

the island. Whole families were, deliberately, butchered by the ferocious leaders of this rebel band. In vain, the agonised mother fell prostrate in defence of her little infant brood: in vain, her terrified offspring lisped forth entreaties; —or, with uplifted hands, sued for a mother's safety. Suffering beauty melts not the brutal energies of savage despotism; nor can trembling innocence avert its bloody fiat.

The murderous scene raged on.

Martial law being hastily proclaimed, the Militia joined the regular forces on the island, to quell this dreadful carnage; but the insurgents,—having claimed protection from, and allied themselves with, the native Maroons,—found safety

in the caverns, woods, and natural fastnesses of the mountains, scoffing the impotency of our rage.

Many, and desperate, were the conflicts that ensued: at length, a peace was concluded; when, among many of the brave, whose honest vengeance gave them more than mortal powers in the fight, our hero's father numbered: his desperate courage, for awhile, prevailed; but one day, when reconnoitring the enemy, an ambushed party covered him with wounds—he fell—and murmuring the name of "*Henry*"— expired in the hands of his brutal enemy; who not only refused to ransom his body, but forgetful of his humane character, as a master, they buffetted, with frantic exultation, his senseless corse;

then carved it into quarters; and erected them, on lofty poles, as bloody trophies of their ruthless victory.

At this period, Henry had scarcely attained his eleventh year. He loved his father almost to idolatry; and his sensibility long wept over the remembrance of this calamitous event.

This was a moment to call forth all the skilful consolations of his friend and tutor; nor was it neglected. Mr. Reeves, urged by the natural benevolence of his character, and still more so, by a real affection for his pupil; undertook, by the most endearing attentions, to dispel the trace of melancholy from Henry's cheek, whose animated counte-

nance still gloomed with the consciousness of his irreparable loss.

At length, his studies began, again, to occupy a portion of his mind: and Mr. Reeves felt, that, among all those comforts with which Providence strews the path of life, few are superior to those experienced by a virtuous mind, when contemplating the result of its most assiduous labors, expanding into the character it wished to form.

At sixteen, Henry declared his wish to embark for England; and Mr. Reeves, who read the motive in his pupil's heart, would readily have withdrawn him from scenes that fostered painful recollections, had he not trembled for the

dangers, that awaited him, in the new world to which he would have flown. He, therefore, urged the impropriety of the step, as injurious to his pupil's future interests; and, at length, though with some difficulty, he prevailed. Henry consented to remain on his estate till he was of age, and capable of understanding the extent of his fortunes, as well as the characters of those to whom he might, in future, entrust their management.

A magnificent public entertainment announced to the island, at large, the arrival of this much desired period: and Mr. Reeves being, on the following day, invested with the sole control of a revenue of more than fifty thousand per annum, our hero took an affectionate

leave of his friend, and embarked for Europe.

To a warm imagination, the charms of novelty are impressive. Henry had lived, hitherto, under the trammels, however mild, of a master; whereas, his heart bounded for the fulness of independance. He had been accustomed to witness nought but scenes of husbandry; while he panted to behold the vast metropolis of England; which fancy had decked, with every fairy allurement to captivate the eye; and, every luxury to seduce the senses.

Of Henry's maternal family, it will be necessary to take an ample sketch; as he is, now, about, to be engrafted, as it were, upon a branch of that stock.

Mr. Melmoth, his maternal grandfather, inherited a landed property of about two thousand a year, in the county of Hereford; and the family had, successively, represented the borough, for upward of two centuries in parliament.

A new ministry, angling for support, had thrown out certain baits to tempt the *unqualified* approbation, of hitherto independent members; but Mr. Melmoth, proud in the integrity of his unsullied parliamentary character, and relying fully on the promised support of every independant freeholder, resisted the allurement. A dissolution, soon after, took place, in obedience to custom, and Mr. Melmoth was opposed by a rich cornfactor; who, from originally

carrying sacks to a master's mill, became a contractor; and was, next, to be installed a member of parliament.

The day of election came, and great was the contest, at the town hall, between the blue and the orange party.

Mr. Melmoth presented himself with confidence at the hustings—he was applauded, with the *voices* of all who *dared applaud*; and in the *hearts* of others *made dumb* by circumstances: yet he lost the day. The contractor was, on the close of the poll, declared duly elected, by a majority of seventeen votes. Mr. Melmoth demanded a scrutiny—it was tedious and expensive; but restored him to his seat. The heavy draughts, however, made on his purse

by a fifteen days contested election, and a fifteen months contested scrutiny, proved his ultimate ruin. He was not five and twenty when this event happened, and had not long been married.

Two sons—and a daughter, afterwards Mrs. Torrid—were the fruit of this union; and as nothing is more uncertain, than the preponderating scale of a political balance; other changes, in administration, brought into power several of Mr. Melmoth's friends.

For himself, he would accept nothing; but he felt he had already destroyed the birthrights of his children, and for his sons' sake he must prove more yielding in his nature.

His elder boy entered the navy at ten years of age; and attained the rank of admiral with a red ribbon—his second was received into the Secretary of State's office for Foreign Affairs, at a proper age, and ultimately became the confidential repository of the whole arcana of state legerdemain.

For many years he continued to possess the full confidence of ministers —nor will this appear strange, when I represent, that his early induction into office;—strengthened, perhaps, by recollections of the fatality which followed his father's persisting in unsullied integrity;—led the young votary of ambition to model his principles by his place. In two words, he became a court sycophant. Power was the sole object

of his waking dreams, or nightly visions. A coronet floated o'er his brow; and all principle, save that of party obedience, fled before the illusion. He estimated right and wrong—not by reason; but policy. All that was brilliant, splendid, and sanctioned by public applause, was right—all else was, systematically, wrong.

The admiral died an honor to his profession, leaving the whole of his fortune, about four thousand a year, to his nephew Charles Melmoth.

The courtier lives to wear his eagerly acquired honors, which, if they do not, fully, meet his expectation, are too considerable to be slighted: and hope still

dwells on the darling expectation of the coming coronet.

The Right Honorable Thomas Melmoth retired from office, one of His Majesty's most honorable Privy Council—a representative in parliament for a ministerial borough—and a pension of two thousand a year; which latter douceur, with the addition of "*candle ends*, and *cheese parings*," enabled him to move, in all the higher circles of haut ton, with corresponding éclat.

Mrs. Melmoth was of high fashion; and distinguishable for the brilliancy of her parties.

With a masculine mind she possessed

a feminine person: and the softness of her manners corrected the boldness of her opinions.—She was a free thinker; but not a free agent. Satisfied that Nature had forced our passions upon us, she, by no means, thought herself accountable to a Supreme Power for her conduct under them. She considered rewards and punishments as limited to this world; and that eternity was a blank. Happily, vanity was a leading trait in her character; and, as vanity cannot be gratified without public approbation, she continued virtuous, from fashion,—when she would have been dissolute, from principle,—and courted pleasure, in all its varied and fantastic forms, under a conviction, that, as all things terminated on this side of the

grave, it was a *duty* to make the most of her existence.

With vanity for a leading *foible*,—although, in her, it was a *virtue*—she forgot, amid the incense offered at that favored shrine, the ages of her children. She had imbibed all her husband's prejudices in favor of rank, and her fine eyes glistened, with unaffected rapture, when a coroneted carriage stood before her door.

This polished couple were the *happy* parents of three children.

Charles, the eldest, was near five and twenty—a Lieutenant Colonel in the Guards—gay, volatile, dashing; of im-

mense ton at every place of public amusement.

He was the best whip—the best pugilist—the best shot—of any blood in town. His *bravo* gave celebrity to a new singer; and his *fiat* damn'd a new play: but, with all these *high bred* qualifications, added to his fortune, he was, at once, a vain, empty, trifling, coxcomb.

Emma, the second,—now Marchioness of Derry,—was the idol of her parents: the splendid star that shed a glory round the house of Melmoth. Her form was gracefully elegant—her eyes brilliant with vivacity—her features emblematical of candour—her manner irresist-

ibly playful. But, with all this outward allurement, carefully moulded by the rigid inspection of mamma, under whose immediate care she was, thus, gifted with every power to please, Emma, in her heart, cherished all the favorite prejudices of her tutoress:—she did more—she ridiculed, in idea, the sacred reverence paid to all moral ties; and equally smiled at the absurdity of every religious duty—bug bears, as she would call them, set up by the artifices of priest-craft, to close the eyes of bigotry against the plain, unerring, laws of reason. She, therefore, considered marriage as a shackle upon the human mind, designed, by nature, to be free.

With these principles, firmly rooted,

we may easily anticipate what would have been her career through life; if mamma, who predicted at her birth, that she was born to move, a brilliant planet, in the hemisphere of fashion, had not reared her an arch disciple in the school of dissimulation. She, therefore, had not, hitherto, avowed her cherished principles ; although an event, at seventeen, had nearly overturned the whole philosophy of her education, and dissolved her parents' golden visions.

It was the loss of her heart, at a first interview. The object, in her eyes, all that was amiable—he wanted nothing but fortune to claim the admiration of the whole world.

"How grand, how noble, the effort!"

—exclaimed Emma mentally—" to step
" over the narrow boundaries of worldly
" prejudice, and rescue, from oblivion's
" shade, this goodly plant to blossom in
" the sunshine of prosperity! to his
" love will be added his gratitude: an
" Elysium will court our future steps:
" we shall give new lessons to pos-
" terity."

On the eve, however, of this philosophical experiment, Miss Emma attracted the particular notice of a lately widowed Marquis, renowned for his gallantry, his wealth, and his pride.

The heart of Emma now fluttered with *other* emotions. A coronet, with two balls! and those, perhaps, shortly to be exchanged for the more divine

attributes of fine curling leaves.—There was extasy in the thought. Vanity overcame love; and Emma gave new allurement, to her natural graces, by the most studied, yet, apparently, careless efforts to please.—In company with the Marquis, she gave to her accomplishments a new, and irresistible, variety. At one moment all whim; at another all gaiety: when pressed to sing, she would execute, with critical exactness, the most difficult bravura; then playfully change to the simple notes of a popular English ballad, or gaily mock the wild melody of the Nightingale. She extracted the science of music from her harp; or, with the airy graces of a Sylph, gambolled to the sounds of her merry tambourine.

The Marquis breathed only in her presence. One single difficulty occurred —Emma was not noble; and it was impossible for the Marquis to marry a plebeian.

But every worldly evil has its cure.— Letters patent were procured to remedy this defect; and Lady Emma Melmoth, soon after, became Marchioness of Derry.

The Captain, mean time, had been kept in the back ground; but though out of sight—not, *wholly*, out of mind.

Soon after Lady Emma's marriage he became—God knows how—the protégé of the Marquis. From a marching regi-

ment he was exchanged to the Guards; and, on all occasions, supported the arm of the Marquis in his excursions, whether of pleasure or of business. They were the *Pylades* and *Orestes* of the fashionable world; and the Marquis was, every where, applauded for so nobly patronising merit in the shade.

Charlotte, the younger, had been the fellow student of her accomplished sister; but with undissembled independance, openly shook off, at the age of fourteen, all parental authority.

The object of her affections—Mr. Hamlyn—was also without fortune; but, in her mirror—a divinity. A flirtation had, for some time, taken place between them; his company being *particularly*

sought by Mama—who had *eyes* as well as her daughter, and attributed his attentions, to Charlotte, to the natural effervescence of his obliging nature.—They were sugar-plumbs, she thought, given to amuse the child, while a more substantial entertainment was preparing for the *good* Mama.

At length, Mr. Melmoth—hitherto very civil—wished to cast off his constant guest; but he was too well bred to do so point blank: he, therefore, made some oblique efforts, by circulating very ingenious little fabrications to the injury of Mr. Hamlyn's character.

Charlotte fired!—Hamlyn explained! —Mr. Melmoth retired chagrined!

Teized by this refinement of artifice, Charlotte resolved to be free—and very frankly told her father, the injuries Mr. Hamlyn had so repeatedly sustained at their hands, *demanded* reparation—in short, she was ready to reward his attachment with her person, as the only suitable boon that could be offered.

Mr. Melmoth,—on whose lip, the wily smile of outward complacency, perpetually, played—approved the generosity of his daughter's sentiments, which he called—" nobility of soul"—but prayed her to recollect her youth—that patience was necessary to the accomplishment of all things; and that, if Mr. Hamlyn and herself, would wait a little—all should be well. He concluded

by offering his purse, and services, to his future son-in-law.

"Your purse, sir,"—replied Charlotte,—"he will have claims upon as "my husband; and what it will, *then*, "be your duty to offer, is, *now*, an "insult. I shall neither wait for time, "nor circumstances. My law is my will; "I have no other monitor; my heart "has decided in his favor, and he *shall* "be mine."

A momentary frenzy began to distort the countenance of Mr. Melmoth; but, reading, in his daughter's, the immutability of her purpose, his obedient features resumed their wonted complacency. He, therefore, drew a playful

sort of caricature of the ridicule, and privations, to which so precipitate a marriage would expose her: dwelt, rather more seriously, on her real inconveniences of a contracted income—the fashionable contempt of fashionable friends—and the despicable subterfuges to which the best of hearts often resorted, in the hour of misery, to support appearances.

Charlotte shuddered!—She was not prepared to meet the open contempt of the world.

Her father, eagerly seizing the moment of doubt, took her hand, adding tenderly,

"Love, my dear Charlotte, is a

" dangerous pilot for a youthful heart. " —Suffer my experience, for a short " time longer, to take the helm. I " would not extinguish the impulse of " gratitude in your bosom; I would " merely direct its operation: and save " you from being the victim of your " own credulity—wait a little, I repeat— " a rich East Indian has already sought " your hand—be prudent, though in " love—reflect—and you will, perhaps " find, that a wife, with two thousand " a year pinmoney, may be a better " *friend* to the object of her esteem, " than a giddy runaway; who, in giving " him an *exclusive* right to her person, " mars all their future, mutual, prospects. You have, besides, an elder " sister, yet unmarried."

"Most humbly do I thank you, "reverend sir"—replied Charlotte with a haughty inclination of the head.— "Your plan is, certainly, *liberal*; and "your friend, the little Nabob, has "infinite obligations to you: but I do "not *please* to barter my person for any "settlement—however splendid. I have "ever conceived matrimony to be a "national evil. Montaigne has, wisely, "taught me, that a covenant, however "freely entered into, should not, *eventually*, be compulsatory or forced.

"Matrimony is composed of number"less intricacies, arising from difference "in temper—in opinions—in education: "these interrupt the smoothly flowing "current of a lively affection: and few "are found to possess constancy suffi-

" cient to submit to this hard, though " self-imposed, burthen. Hence, the " frequency of adultery. Many, who " cannot unravel—break—the knot; " and incalculable miseries ensue. Would " it not, therefore, be better, as well as " more politic, to establish by law, and " sanction by custom, a free, voluntary, " familiarity of intercourse; when, not " only the soul might enjoy its most " perfect fruition, but the person, also, " claim its natural share: whereas, this " holy covenant,—so *moral* in its ten- " dency—is often sealed with the wanton " lips of premeditated perjury—because, " forsooth, the law of society has willed " it to be a necessary evil."

" You display, Charlotte"—retorted her father angrily—" more strength of

"understanding, than delicacy of senti-
"ment."

"Women, sir, are always treated as "subordinate creatures. Research— "which dignifies the character of man, "overwhelms a female with unfeeling "censure. But I will not, by yielding "to the god of your idolatry—almighty "wealth!—give any man the right, of "purchase, to use me as his slave."

"You distort every thing by your "sophistry, Charlotte. Marriage is a "wise, and universal, covenant: it is "the bond of society, acknowledged by "all polished nations. It guarantees the "inheritrnce of families, and preserves "domestic peace and concord."

"Admirable conclusion"—replied Charlotte—"preserves domestic peace "and concord!—Let us put your state- "ment to the test.

"The humble mechanic takes, we will "suppose, his wife from a family as "humble as his own.—This is the fairest "prospect the case can assume.—He "believes he has married a mild, thrifty, "goodtempered, œconomical housewife, "because such was the character she "appeared in at her father's house.— "But mark the end.

"With the closing honeymoon, the "bourgeoise asserts her independance— "declares she will, no longer, mope at "home all day: 'what could the man

" think she married for? she would go " out—that she would—when she " pleased; and where she pleased.' She " makes morning parties with her neigh- " bours. The *ladies* visit the west end " —cram tartlets at a pastry cooks en " passant—and, to do the thing ' wastly " genteel'—they take an eighteen-penny " fare returning.

" At home, she is for ever making up " new patterns of the fashions she has " seen, instead of minding her domestic " concerns.—The husband swears.— " The wife snaps her finger and thumb " —kimboes her arm—and defies him."

" The folly of the wife"—interrupted Mr. Melmoth—" does not, I presume, " argue against the husband?"

" But it does"—said Charlotte with quickness—" against the state—the *holy* " state, as parsons call it. She knows " her *good* man is *bound* to support her " —will he, nil he?—Has he not *sworn* " to bear her humors and caprices?"— " to love her in sickness and in sorrow? " —and, if her extravagance exceeds " his means; the Gazette wipes off old " scores, and they begin, anew, their " ' *domestic peace* and *comforts*.'

" All this might be prevented, if " *inclination*, instead of *compulsion*, united " them in a common interest.

" We will move to higher life.—

" The man of birth marries a beauty. " He is—as a noble lord once wrote, to

" his friend, on his wedding day—' *the* " *happiest dog alive*'—but finds in time " —as this friend predicted—that ' *every* " *dog has his day*.' The *married* woman " becomes more the fashion with the " town, even, than the single miss. She " is, for ever, assailed by flattery—every " art is used to convince her, such " charms were never made for an in- " dividual—every mirror, in the room, " confirms the idea. If her husband " watches her—he is ridiculed for being " jealous—if she falls, he is laughed at " as a good-natured fool. Still the " pompous ceremony, that united them, " *stamps* this whimsical association with " the *sacred* name of *honor*."

" What if he had married a country " girl, well educated ; his equal in for-

"tune, and wholly unacquainted with
"the levities, and frivolities, of the me-
"tropolis?"

"You shall see."

"The young bride comes up to town, "all sweetness, modesty, and humility "—her appearance is, at once, *naïve*, "ingenuous, and interesting. When "addressed by the familiarity of fashion, "an amiable blush mantles on her cheek "—timidity gives it grace; for it is "noted to arise from modesty—not "imbecility. She loves nothing but her "husband; he is pronounced the hap- "piest of men.

"The winter advances—she keeps "the best company—wears the most

" becoming robes—the most tasteful " head-dresses. Modesty begins to as- " sume the aspect of hauteur—timi- " dity is replaced by high-bred assurance; " and my dear, and my love, and as " you please, are thus translated,—the " jealous wretch—the brutal creature— " the stingy monster.

" To avoid all this, I marry—since I " must marry—the object of my un- " biassed choice. I know him to be " strictly a man of honor. Gratitude " will fan the flame within his bosom— " he will love me from principle, as " dearly, as from affection."

" And when you are deceived"— exclaimed her father rising hastily— " when you find yourself neglected

"where you looked for gratitude— de-
"spised where you have conferred obli-
"gation—*pitied* by the world—remem-
"ber you will have rushed, wilfully, on
"the ruin you experience; and do not
"expect to find a friend in your father."

He, abruptly, left the room, just as Mrs. Melmoth was entering.

Observing the very unusual preturbation of her husband's features, and the heroic air with which Charlotte's extended arm still waved a proud defiance at the menace she had received—this accomplished mother politely entreated her daughter to explain.

"Oh, nothing, my dear mamma"—Charlotte answered more composedly—

" papa is full of his politics; and wants to
" sell me like a rotten borough—that's
" all."

" Your father, my dear, will urge you to nothing contrary to the honor of our house."

" Aye—the honor of 'our house,' that darling solecism occupies all his thoughts: but this I am determined on; if he does not marry me in *my own way*—I will follow the example of Mrs. Woolstonecroft. You remember the lines of the modern Pindar,—

" Eve had no parson, for no priest was Adam;
" And yet—not out of countenance was madam!

" And why should he expect to find

me better than the children of paradise?—ridiculous!"

"I have always taught you, Charlotte, to revere the opinion of the world, beyond all things. Curiosity is never *too* busy with those who are *outwardly* correct; and if some envious dame of quality should suppose any thing malicious, a well established reputation counteracts it all. How else could the mystic boudoir of youth and beauty be metamorphosed into the bower of Paphos, while a churlish husband is pursuing the extravagant caprices of an Opera girl—or staking his last acre upon the turn of a card?"

The arrival of visitors broke off this *moral* lecture.

Shortly after, Charlotte married, and was renounced.

On his arrival at Falmouth, Henry had written to his uncle, to say, he should reach town on such a day, and drive to Limmer's hotel. On being shewn to an apartment, he was presented with a card: "*Lieutenant Colonel Melmoth; Charles Street, Berkely Square;*" and, shortly after, the Colonel, *in propria persona*, was ushered into his presence.

Approaching our hero with every appearance of extreme cordiality, and giving him a welcome shake by the hand, the Colonel exclaimed,

"How do, my dear fellow!—monstrous glad to see you—just arrived

from that outlandish place, I perceive—yes!—see it by the cut of your jib. D—n it, my boy, only let me shew you, for four and twenty hours, in Bond Street; engage to clear a thousand guineas by you, damme."

"Shew me to advantage, Charles, as much as you will"—replied our hero laughing—"humanize me, and I am your humble servant."

"That's right, my boy"—slapping his shoulder—"see you'll do—send all my people to you. But, apropos, old Don longs very much to see you—would have come, but he's engaged at a Cabinet Council—the Marchioness and her mamma, both dying with curiosity, to get a peep.—Pray what do you call that d—d

place you come from, where the crabs so *hospitably* feast on almost every european who enters their coterie?"

"Nay, Charles!"—retorted Henry—"this is too severe. Refine me a little after the manners of this great town.—You shall not find me an untoward scholar."

"Bravo, my little sunbeam—spoken like one of us. Schweitzer shall make your coat—White your leathers. Sugden shall cut your hair—Hoby make your boots—Cator your hats. Told you got plenty of the ready—d—d good thing. Introduce you to my coach-maker—take you to Tattersals.

"Here, my boy,"—carelessly applying his eye glass, as he approached the

window—" what think you of my set out?—There's four proper tits for you—go seventeen miles in an hour—bet you a cool five hundred, do it any day. There they are—the smilers—all colors—step within fiftieth part of an inch with each other. Look at their tails—damme, I brought up the crop tails—how d'ye like it, eh!—Ran all over town like wildfire."

Henry listened, with no small degree of amazement, to his voluble cousin; but ere he could reply, the Colonel continued,

" Can spar, eh!—suppose not, though—take you, with me, to Belcher—lost one eye—best boxer in England, for all that—see here—this his favorite

guard—puts in a straight forward blow —so—no standing him, demme,—astonished all the amateurs—but what's o'clock?—great sale at Tattersal's—must be there at three—come back to dine though—take compassion on you, positively."

"Many thanks, dear Charles, for this kindness"—replied our hero—" bring whom you please, and remember, Burgundy is the word."

"And this," said Henry—looking at his cousin, as he drove down Conduit Street—" This, is a man of fashion!—dressed like a groom—squaring his elbows like a hackney coachman—and setting at defiance every thing that has the appearance of common sense.

"But"—turning round on his heel—"I am scarcely two hours old, in London—I must see and be seen—surely, among *all* the votaries of fashion, *some* must be rational beings!"

Our hero was still pursuing his soliloquy, when he was disturbed by the arrival of his cousin's trades-people. His orders were, that his clothes should be fashionable; but he begged Mr. Schweitzer not to mistake him for a stable boy.

At six o'clock, the Colonel made his appearance attended by two friends; and the partie quarrée, soon after, sat down to an entertainment composed of every delicacy in season. With the invigorating beverage, our hero's spirits

rose; and many pointed sallies mingled with the vivacity of his conversation. At a late hour the party broke up, all declaring that Torrid would soon be the fashion in town.

The Colonel promised to call at two, next morning, to conduct him to Charles Street.

It was early in the month of April—the wheel of fashion was gaily whirling round, and Henry had yet, before him, enough of the London winter to run the gauntlet of pleasure.

When the Colonel came to his appointment, he found our hero modestly attired, in a fashionable morning dress; consisting of a single breasted mixture

coat, a striped toilinet vest, leathers, and boots.

After complimenting him on his metamorphosis, they strolled, arm in arm, to Charles Street.

Mrs. Melmoth received her nephew with a condescending smile—congratulated him on his safe arrival—and assured him of her devoted services to make England agreeable.

The Marchioness—who attended her mamma's *ruelle* that morning, for the purpose of quizzing the newly arrived savage—was surprised at the manly elegance of his form, and the polished ease of his manners.

Extending her beautifully-white hand ungloved—she took that of Henry with a bewitching smile; and requested he would also receive her congratulations.

"I expected to see my cousin a Goth"—added she playfully—"but he has more the manners of a Parisian."

"With you, dear ladies"—answered Henry—"I shall be any thing—condescend to model me to your will, and I shall bend obediently to the form you impose."

"Nous verrons"—replied her ladyship—"I enlist you from this moment.—You shall be my Cecisbéo for the remainder of the season."

"What, if I find the service *somewhat* dangerous?"—retorted Henry.

"A flatterer too—prenez garde—danger has more shafts than one—and—."

The conversation was interrupted, abruptly, by the entrée of Mr. Melmoth.

"My dear Henry"—embracing his nephew—"this is one of the happiest moments of my life.—Let me peruse you.—How like my dear sainted sister!—Henry, if you possess but half your mother's virtues, you will be worthy a diadem!"

"Such an elegant fellow!"—said his

aunt—" how infinitely are we all indebted to Mr. Reeves,—But why do we not see him with you?—I hope he is well?"

"Well, my dear aunt—and one of the worthiest of men. He is so good as to remain in Jamaica, the guardian of my property. He has been, to me, a second father."

The concluding sentence called up painful recollections to our hero's mind; and his eye glistened with a filial tear.

"No painful retrospect, my dear Henry; we will teach you to be gay,"—was the obliging interruption of his aunt.

"He must to Court"—said his uncle—"I am impatient to introduce him to our beloved Sovereign. I must also make him acquainted with my dear friend, the minister—he must purchase a seat in parliament—he must be one of us."

"But pray, pappa, let him first be one of *us*"—replied the Marchioness. "Henry—mamma has a party to-night.—You will be so delighted—only conceive—forty card tables in the Egyptian drawing rooms—all the rank, beauty, and fashion of the town will be here—five hundred people all talking at once, so that it is impossible to know a single card you play, or understand a single syllable that is uttered. Then the stair

cases will all be so crowded—not an avenue unoccupied.—

"The street will be filled with carriages, all driving against each other pell-mell—crash goes a highly varnished pannel—snap goes a pole—shrieking from one party—fainting in another—oh! it will be so divine, you can have no idea!

"Then, to-morrow, you will attend me to the Opera—it is Parisot's benefit, and the house will be a brimmer. I shall have the pleasure to introduce you to the town."

"With a little of my assistance," interrupted the Colonel. "Henry must order a new Vis against the Birth-day—

go with him directly to Leader's—call upon my dealer, to look at his cattle—d—d honest fellow, Jack Aylmer—sisters the finest women in town—are they not, Marchioness ?"

"You are always talking, Charles, about your *creatures*.—I really hardly know them, although they are to be seen every where—I can tell them a mile off—they smell so strong of the stable."

"Ha—ha—ha! that's a good one, demme—who smells of the stable, pray? does not my favourite filley, Miss Katerfelto, smell of the stable ? and what peeress, in the land, has better blood in her veins ?—Is not her pedigree as carefully preserved as that of the first duchess

in the kingdom ? envy—Marchioness—right envy—poz !"

"Charles!"—exclaimed Mr. Melmoth, advancing with a pompous air—"pray recollect you are addressing yourself to the most noble, the Marchioness of Derry.—Her Ladyship is your sister; but not the less entitled to your respect."

"Tell you how it is. Father lives in one world—Marchioness and I in another—bet you a cool hundred the Aylmers are the envy of every high bred woman of quality in the kingdom. No jockey ever scrutinized a four year old, brought to the hammer at Tattersal's, more critically, than the female haut ton

do the Aylmers.—Come, Marchioness, —be honest—what dress did Caroline wear at the masquerade given by Mrs. Rupee, in Portland Place?—and how many faults *could* you find in the shape, make, and taste of her *ensemble*?"

The Marchioness bit her lips, and flirted her fan.

"I will have no more of this"—said Mr. Melmoth—"it is astonishing, to me, how such wretches are admitted."

"To you, it may be so"—continued Charles—"but it is well known, that these *wretches* can get tickets to private masks, that half the virtuous women in town would give their eyes to peep at.

—This, my good sir, may not be the *old* school; but it is the *new* school, demme —is it not, Marchioness?"

"Henry, you dine with us to-day" —said Mr. Melmoth—"I must leave you for the present, being under a particular engagement at the Treasury."

"Will you shop with me?"—asked the Marchioness, addressing herself to Henry—"we are just in time to squeeze into Bond Street."

"Shops with me, thank you, Marchioness.—Come, Henry, we shall be late."

The Colonel's barouche stood at the door, and away they drove.

Henry returned to his hotel at six, having given orders for his equipage, &c.; and, at seven, the Colonel called to take him to dinner; telling him, by the bye, as they drove along, that it was a monstrous hoax of the old Don's to ask him to dinner where he was engaged for the evening; as the dinner party never went up stairs; but always spent their evenings at half a dozen other places.

Mr. Melmoth's table was crowded with placemen, to all which great personages Henry was, formally, introduced. In the evening, he had the advantage of getting into the drawing rooms, by retiring early from the dinner table; but he could not reconcile to

himself the post allotted, by fashion, to the mistress of a splendid house, when she saw company. To stand, like a bar-maid, at the head of the stairs, to receive every one—monstrous!—to pay for cards—still more monstrous!! but his reflections were soon interrupted by the perpetual clatter around him.

The novice was easily recognized by his want of *easy assurance*.—Who is he?—any name?—is he rich? what does he drive?.

When Henry's *pretensions* to civility were known, he was instantly surrounded; and cards innumerable were forced into his hands—" Mrs. A. at home on Friday 2d June"—" Lady B.'s Sunday concert, 28th May"—" Coun-

tess of C.'s grand dinner, 15th May"— "A pic-nic"—"A dance"—"A dejeuné!"—"A cassino,"—&c. &c. &c. each making a thousand apologies for so *late* an invitation.

"The novelty of the scene—the glare of light—the splendor of the amusements—and, above all, the beauty of the women—fairly turned our hero's brain. About one, the Marchioness of Derry contrived to reach the drawing room; and, after a thousand "*how do's*," and "*very well, thank you*"—she gave her hand to Henry, and led him through four other parties; all, rivalling each other, in the magnificence of their rooms, and the *number* of their guests.

It was past four when the Marchioness

set him down; and he was not a little surprised to find, in all the parties he had been at, and those he was to go to, no mention had been made of the *master* of the house—" but that is the fashion, I suppose"—said Henry mentally—as he pressed his pillow.—

The fashion!—what is fashion?—

A vapour, compounded of the light particles of whim, caprice, and folly; which, like a finger post, points always to the same beaten track of notoriety. A whimsical distinction, borrowed from a mantua-maker, a taylor, a coach-maker, or a jeweller.

And who, the arbiter of this all potent word?—

Any body—nobody—it consists in being seen at all fashionable places—in the certain shape of a robe, or the adventitious form of a trinket—in talking nonsense, and in talking loud—in certain shrugs, and half sentences—in agreeably lisping, and impudently staring every body full in the face—in employing certain trades-people, and living in certain streets—in making the beauty of yesterday the deformity of to-day—in any thing new or ridiculous——Such is fashion!

A high bred London belle is—by fashion—confident, volatile, flippant. She just possesses understanding enough to give semblance of ideas to a never ending torrent of words. She frequents every rout, concert, public breakfast, or

masked ball, given by ladies of rank throughout the season. She is, at one moment, to assume the rotundity of a Burgomaster's wife—at another, the sylph-like form that Phidias would have chosen for a model. Her face must be masked—her limbs transparent. She must incessantly study the outside of her head, and neglect all within. Thus accomplished, she is *qualified* to seek the matronly character of a wife and mother!!!

The town beau has, likewise, his prerogatives. He must drive well—box well—quiz well—live at an expense much beyond his income—he must say nothing with a certain air—he must fall asleep, in the box of a Duchess, at the Opera; and be on the *qui vive* when with a party of Cyprians, in the gallery:

—the eyes which gaze on vacancy, in company with ladies of character, must sparkle, with rapture, in company with ladies of pleasure—in short, the idiot, in polished society, must be an agreeable, fascinating, charming fellow, in no society at all.

This is the lesson our hero had to learn; of which, he had just taken a cursory reading.

Henry's first business, on the following morning, was to order a hack, and drive to the city on a visit to his merchant. At his return, he found cards from the Marquis of Derry—Mr. Melmoth—and the Colonel. The former of which, he returned immediately; by leaving his card at Derry House, Park

Lane: and being invited by the gay appearance of the Park, he lounged along the promenade for an hour, and then returned to his hotel.

At nine, in the evening, the Marchioness called to take him to the Opera. She was attended by the daughters, of the Marquis, by a former marriage—the Ladies Lucy and Harriet Milton—they were just blooming into women; and presented interesting emblems of two sportive Hebes. Not being of an age to admit their presentation, and little accustomed to appear in public, their manners were marked by a blushing timidity—an amiable reserve—forming, so strikingly, a contrast to the bold vacancy of countenance he had witnessed in other Right Honorable

females, that he was, at once, pleased and astonished. A graceful mien, polished exterior, and modulated voice, gave interest to every syllable they uttered.—The Marchioness appeared delighted with Henry's attention to them; and her Ladyship's character was not a little raised in our hero's opinion, by the unaffected harmony, evidently existing, between these lovely girls and their youthful mother-in-law.

It would be tedious, to pursue the sameness of the Opera house—our hero was delighted beyond his most romantic fancy. The soul thrilling execution of Grassini—the graces of Parisot—the magnificence of the coup d'œil—the attraction of his party—combined to produce an assemblage of sensations

scarcely to be defined; and Henry retired with every sense entranced by the potent magic of the fairy scene.

In the Marquis, Henry found a polished gentleman; perhaps, too much devoted to self; yet elegantly attentive to his guests. His newly acquired star, certainly, was one very material object of his adoration, and he was for ever engaged in adjusting the buckle of his garter.

We have described the character of the Marchioness, in the days of courtship, and the impassioned attachment of her lord. Two years possession had, however, quelled the raptures of the latter; who, now sought variety even in the caresses of a farmer's daughter. Her

Ladyship was not unmindful of this change. She thought much, and said little—she was still the same in her manners; ever lovely—ever varied: alternately, the allegro and the penseroso of the divine Milton; and so attached to her daughters-in-law, that they had always lived, in the mutual confidence of sisters, with each other. The Marchioness was a model for her sex!—Mrs. Melmoth, the happiest of women, in having prepared her mind, by a *careful* education, to give lustre to her exalted rank.

The third year was, now, turning on its revolutionary axis, since Charlotte had bestowed her person on the man of her heart. A charming little boy gave new enjoyment to their domestic

domestic fire-side; and all that the most amiable—the most fond—the most devoted—of men could do, to augment her happiness, appeared to be the only study of the enraptured Hamlyn.

Unlike the unconstant Marquis, *his* desires fed upon possession: the lover still lived in the husband: she was—as she told every body—the happiest of women.

It is true, a very slender income from Mr. Melmoth, did not allow them much splendor; but the deficiency was supplied by the never sleeping anxieties of her amiable partner. Difficulties, however, ensued—and an appeal was made to Mr. Melmoth, through the medium of her mother. This was his reply.

"Tell the proud beggar that I never will countenance the fellow whom she married. Let her desert him, and return to me.—In such case, she may command my fortune."

The heroic Charlotte spurned at the unnatural offer.

Notwithstanding all this philosophic calm, vanity would sometimes be at variance with love, when her mother described the splendor of her sister's establishment—particularizing objects of dress, or ornament, to excite her admiration; adding, with a sigh—"Such, my Charlotte, might have been your lot, had you married with common prudence."

Then, on pretence of recreating her mind, this *sympathising* mother would drive with her daughter to Mrs. Dawson's.

"See"—Charlotte—"what a divine robe!—Suffer me to throw it over your shoulders—how infinitely it becomes you—In such a dress you would, positively, move a grace. What pity it is, my love, you are so poor, and cannot command trifles you were born to adorn. I must immediately tell the Marchioness to order one for the Duchess of Wentworth's bal parée. I wish, my dear girl, you could *afford* to go to these places; but that, you know, is impossible; although every body wishes to send you cards."

Wormwood!—Wormwood!—Wormwood!

Henry had heard the story of the cast-off-daughter from his aunt, and was devising means of offering her pecuniary relief—when lo!

Mrs. Hamlyn, voluntarily, returned home; and Mr. Hamlyn stood accused of tyrannic and oppressive conduct.

"Villain"—exclaimed Henry, when he beheld the angel form and imposing manners of his injured cousin—"Thus to abuse the hand that raised you.—Good God! that it should be, in man, to trample on the softened beauties of defenceless woman!—Woman, whose

milder graces were contrived to polish the roughness of our nature—whose bosom forms the rapturous pillow to repose our cares—whose every smile cheers us—whose virtues correct us !"

This event gave rise to various comments—a divorce was sued for, and the virtuous Hamlyn left, without a shilling, to contend with power, interest, and wealth.

Henry, with the coming day, met the coming pleasure. He had been presented at court—ballotted in at the club houses in St. James's Street—and received cards from *every-body* in town. He found, however, that a man of fashion is the least free of any being in the world. He is not permitted to think,

or act, for himself.—He owns no opinion but that of the town: obeys no wish in opposition to its decrees. Henry had, indeed, been *permitted* to see two or three plays; but to indulge the hope of visiting the theatres, more frequently, was altogether ante-deluvian.

He heard of the fascination of Jordan, the versatility of Elliston, the playfulness of Duncan, the humor of Bannister, the excellence of Cooke, the sublimity of Siddons, the classical correctness of Kemble. The two latter he had seen in the Stranger; but he read, in the daily papers, with unavailing vexation, that Cardinal Woolsey and Queen Katharine—Coriolanus and Volumnia—Hamlet and Gertrude—were reanimated, in *them*, without the power of stealing, one

evening from his engagements, to gratify his ardent taste.

Henry, now, knew every body. He played with different success at the faro table; but always punted with liberality, and persisted with vehemence; a few hundreds, however, as yet balanced his account.

"It was the amusement of a gentleman, and the fashion. Every body played."

Such were his arguments, when he argued at all; but he either did not know, or forgot, that, if it was the *amusement* of a *gentleman*, it was also the *science* of a *vagabond;* and that where he encountered one gamester *graced* with a

ribbon, he encountered twenty who would *disgrace* a halter.

"But it is the fashion. . . . ."

That *argument*, I confess to be unanswerable.

The Marchioness kept her word—Henry was her shadow—it is true, he told her it was a post of danger; but was he not her cousin;—her father's sister's son?—and who should dare to whisper ought against the fair name of so amiable a woman—so attentive a wife—so exemplary a step-mother!

Henry, however, never dreamt of putting her philosophy to the trial. Lady Harriet Milton was the magnet of

his attraction, had he permitted himself to be, seriously, in love; but Lady Harriet was not yet fifteen—and he felt, that the proud Marquis of Derry would spurn a commoner for his son-in-law, however extensive his rent-roll, or respectable his family. The idea, sometimes, like the remembrance of a delightful dream, flitted cross his fancy—he thought her a very superior mortal—smiled—and directed his attention to a less deep subject.

Mrs. Hamlyn now, on the high road to freedom, was caressed by her papa, and the darling of her happy mamma. Those *pretty things*—which, like the bunch of fruit that mocked the appetite of the wretched Tantalus—she was permitted to see, but not to grasp,

now courted her acceptance. Papa presented her with a suit of jewels, and the infatuated Charlotte gave up the *reality* of being Queen of Hearts, for the *semblance* of being Queen of Diamonds.

She one morning called very early on the Marchioness, who admitted her to a tête-à-tête in her dressing room.—Having discussed ordinary topics, the Marchioness asked,

"For God's sake, my dear, what could have induced you, first, to run away with a man—in defiance of reason; and then to run away from him—in defiance of propriety?"

"That motive, my dear Marchioness, which ever has, and ever shall, rule my conduct. It *was* my will—my sove-

reign will—to marry Hamlyn. It *is* my will to divorce him."

"You are certainly aware, Charlotte, that you must give up the world if you do not succeed. On what do you ground your complaints, and how do you substantiate them? Papa, of course, has advised with you on the occasion."

"I want no advice, sister. Papa, however, does sanction the step I have taken. Ill usage, and adultery with my own maid, are my pretexts. Witnesses *may* be had any day."

"Indeed!—Oaths are sacred things."

"This from you, Emma?—what a

charming moralist!—May I ask how long you have been *so* conscientious?"

"Ever since I have had understanding enough to *blind* the world with a false shew of honor, and indulge my humours à la sourdine. You see the character I preserve in the world, by my *attachment* to a man I *despise*, while my heart——oh, is not Henry a divine fellow?"

"Henry!—I thought Captain Newby was the undisputed master of your affections?"

"And so he *was*—but then I had never seen Henry. Besides, Newby is on the continent; and may be shot

through the head: Henry is daily present, and points new arrows at my heart."

"Take my advice, Emma, and do not trust that reputation you have so studiously preserved, to the keeping of a boy —a vain, giddy, boy; undistinguished by a single intrigue with any woman of spirit."

"Pray, sister, is not a certain Viscount from a sister kingdom, a boy?—and do you not know a *certain* woman of spirit, with whom he has been *very* particular. You need not blush, so deeply, my love, I am no father confessor—but between you and I, a little more candour, methinks, would not be

unbecoming. Is it not on his account that you seek this divorce?"

"Well then, to be *really* candid—yes!—I seek the divorce that we may enjoy our meetings free from fear; for though, with *me*, Hamlyn was as gentle and sportive as a pet lamb—if he suspected any thing, he would spring like a very tiger on my poor Viscount.—That, I would avoid."

"So then—without any reason to be dissatisfied with Hamlyn, you are about to sacrifice him to a new passion; and ruin him, without remorse of conscience."

"Exactly—did I not ruin *myself* for

him. Turn and turn about, is fair play you know, my dear."

"But if you don't succeed?—tell me, where is your little urchin?"

"As to success—his poverty *must* ensure that, aided by the chain of evidence I shall bring into court.—As to the beggar's brat—let him sell matches, while his father sings ballads—the man has a pretty taste enough, and may, now, turn it to advantage: We are all the creatures of chance—some high; some low—chequering life, like the squares upon a chess board."

The tête-à-tête broke off here. Henry was to call at two, and the Marchioness was impatient to dress.

If any one should suppose Mr. Melmoth was exceeding the limits of prudence, by the splendid presents he made his newly recovered daughter—we beg leave to whisper the reader, under the strictest injunctions not to mention it again to a living soul, that the old East Indian lover—who had not grown younger in four years—stood pledged to reimburse his friend for the expences, not only of those rich baubles, but also for those to be incurred by the divorce; and it was, finally, agreed between these gentlemen, that Charlotte still should be Nabobess.

What the lady may have to say, we leave to time.

A whimsical circumstance happened about this time, one morning, in Cock-

spur-street: and although my readers may consider it too trifling to form a paragraph in this *important* history; yet as it occupied the chit-chat of every fashionable tea-table for the day; and as every thing fashionable claims our most *serious* attention; we hold ourselves bound to enroll the momentous record.

A lady of haut ton had driven to Jeffery's, on a very rainy day, when the streets were particularly dirty; and her obliging coachman drew up his carriage, in so very *accommodating* a situation for the foot passengers, that no resource was left them, except that of *wading* through the mud.

Dissappointed in finding the causeway thus stopped; and hoping her ladyship

was about to retire, as the footmen held the carriage door; a little mob, of a dozen well dressed persons, had assembled before the shop.

"Hilloa, messmates!—said an honest tar, advancing to the center—which way does the wind blow now?—what, weather bound in the chops of the Channel!—d—m my eyes but I'll be your commodore, and lead the van—here's my broad pendant"—unfurling a red silk handkerchief!—"and mind, d'ye see me, that you obey signals, my hearties."

So saying, he sprang into the carriage; and opening the opposite door, walked, unconcernedly, across the swept pavement; observing, nevertheless, that the passage was more difficult than the

Straights of Gibraltar. Every body followed, to the great annoyance of her ladyship's Opera slippers, her pug's cushion, and a highly finished rug.

Two powdered lacqueys—each six feet high—stood staring, with distended eyes, upon this unexpected scene—not, gentle reader, like the Prince of Denmark when he sees his father's ghost—that flight would be too sublime—but like the half-starved sentry, at the gates of Calais, when Madame Grandsire's cook,—" bending beneath the weight of fam'd Sir Loin,"—crossed him, on his post.

Let those who do not like *my* way of telling a story, turn over the double leaf, and consign it to oblivion.

Among the various scenes of fashionable resort, our hero was invited to a grand entertainment at the Royal Kentish Bowman's Lodge.

This society, one of the most chosen in the kingdom, flourishes under the patronage of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales; who annually presents them with a superbly chased bugle, to be conferred on the ablest archer, as a perpetual trophy of his prowess.

The Lodge is situated on Dartford Heath; and, like the fairy palace of the Princess Paribanon, is impervious to the common gaze of the itinerant. It consists in a ground floor, comprehending a saloon equal to the entertainment of two hundred persons. The pannels, round

the room, are divided into compartments, each forming a bowman's cabinet; and ornamented with his arms, on corresponding plates of silver. This room leads to an equally spacious ball room, ornamented at the top with a full length portrait of the Prince, finely executed, and presented, by himself, to the society.

His Royal Highness is described in the uniform—grass green lined with buff casimere; vest and small-clothes to correspond ; with a plumed round hat : the button gilt, with the letters R. K. B. surmounted by the Prince's crest. His Highness reclines on his bow.

The large mirrors of this apartment, the girandoles, and other ornaments, are

all surmounted with the royal plume; and beneath the royal portrait stands a Chair of State on elevated carpetings.

A music room, and other retiring rooms, conclude the building; which, is fronted by a beautiful lawn, surrounded on either side by a shrubbery, and open, at the extremity, to an almost boundless view of the surrounding country—with the Thames, in all its variegated splendor—and towers, as it were, independently of every neighbouring object, over the town and environs of Dartford.

On the lawn, at regulated distances, are fixed targets.

The wines and liquors are of the choicest quality, from the cellars of the

society. A steward provides the eatables, and servants, bearing the livery of the lodge, attend the table.

On the ordinary days of meeting, several of the finest singers of catches and glees regularly attend; and the company pass their evening in a perpetual change of harmony: but, on their grand days, when the ladies of the neighbourhood, and the nobility of the metropolis, grace the scene; the whole is enchantment.

During the winter, private theatricals are sustained, and those most ably. The best Falstaff, since the days of Henderson, treads these boards: There are others, among the members, eminently conspicuous for their talent in the mimic art.

The birth-day now approached: Our hero had three carriages coming out. A dress vis-a-vis—a town chariot—a barouche. The whole simply elegant.

Mr. and Mrs. Melmoth, the Marquis and Marchioness, were of Henry's party. Mrs. Hamlyn panted to display her jewels; but the delicacy of her situation forbade her public appearance; and she consented to this sacrifice, as a preliminary to the fulfilment of her *chaste* wishes.

Our hero's appearance at St. James's bespoke, at once, the magnificence of his taste, and the splendor of his establishment. The day of ceremony passed; the following Sunday was devoted to Kensington Gardens; when all the

fashionable world hurried from town, with one accord, and desolated even Bond Street.

Arrangements were made in the Melmoth family, and the following week destined them for Brighton. The Marchioness, preparatory to the excursion, thought it *decent* to give a few days to the Marquis, and the Ladies Lucy and Harriet, who were to pass their summer at the Marquis's country seat—a few miles from town—called the Abbey.

While her heart, however, was dancing with pleasure, at the dear contemplation of that retirement, which might be, sometimes, stolen at Brighton, and devoted to Henry and love; THAT POWER, whose empire she disputed,

frustrated *her will* on the eve of its fondest accomplishment.

Driving to town, the day previous to her intended excursion, in an open carriage with the Marquis; their horses took fright: by which accident both were thrown out—her Ladyship was very much bruized—and the Marquis still more seriously a sufferer.

Instead of the gay vision that wantoned in the fancy of this accomplished Infidel—instead of the fulfilment of her paramount decrees, Providence has condemned her to the retirement of a suffering husband, whom she despised; and whose temper, naturally morose, was, now, insupportable.

But who shall, presumptuously, say—
This will I do to-morrow!

Life is pregnant with evil, and the hour of disappointment awaits, alike, the virtuous and the profligate: with the one, a cheerful piety—a holy resignation—gilds the immutable decree: with the other, inclination rebels against the check—and conscience, uncontroled by reason, spurns at the chastisement.

Religion is the parent of humility; it teaches us to doubt the strength of our own understanding—to cultivate the early seeds of penitence: To eschew evil—and to do good. How much, then, does it behove the parent so to till the early mind of her growing offspring,

MAHARAJAH SERFOGI'S SAR...

that the fruit of morality may spring up.

The morning of life, thus sweetly and fervently disposed, dawns with a day of cheerfulness, and closes with an evening of ineffable composure.

But when the weeds of prejudice sully the fair garden of youth, the task of reformation is difficult, indeed! Opposed by fixed opinions, habits, inferences—who can, successfully, combat with the perverted zeal thus firmly rooted?

From the infidel mother, springs the infidel daughter; and the uncorrected system extends its baneful sophistry to after generations. Yet the time will

come—however averted for the moment—when the infidel, uncheered by mental consolation—unassured by the comforts of religion—will thirst for the corrections that lead to true enjoyment; and look backward, with regret, on the transitory pleasures of a mis-spent life!

Mrs. Melmoth, Mrs. Hamlyn, and Henry, thus deprived of their fourth, made a trio to Brighton; where they arrived, a few days before the races. The Prince was at his charming pavillion; his band, and two regimental bands, occupied different posts on the Steyne, to charm the lovely crowd, that every evening gave it the appearance of an Elysian field.

"Heavens!"—exclaimed Henry, men-

tally, the first evening he retired from the fascinating scene—"surely England monopolizes all the beauty of the world! —Such forms!—such limbs!—Hail to all potent fashion, that with transparent muslins, can convert this spot to Eden, and give to every female votary the semblance of another Eve!

"The finely rounded arm, which is, 'when unadorned, adorned the most'—the exquisitely moulded bosom, swelling beneath the light pressure of a gauze that still augments its beauties;—the whole symmetry of person, *speaking* through the drapery of an ornamental robe, and luxuriously displaying every graceful motion of the whole!"

The Steyne is the abstract of Ken-

sington Gardens—the same groupes—the same appearance—the same crowd! but the crowd of crowds is the *squeeze* after the opera! There the full-swoln limbs of mingling sexes dove-tail with each other—the dropt hand riots—and that which is uplifted, tangles, at every movement, with the *tippet* of some neighbouring fair one. If collision had the quality of polishing objects—the days of Chesterfield would be semi-barbarous, compared with the existing hour.

But in these former scenes, Henry had no soul for comment. Lady Harriet hung upon his arm; and his whole world was epitomized in her.

Here he breathed more freely; and it

was soon observed by scandal-mongers, that he chose early hours to walk up the cliffs, accompanied by the lovely Caroline Aylmer; whose unusually splendid equipage, and appearance on the Course, had, previously, awakened all the eagerness of inquiry. Now, it was loudly whispered at all the libraries —" that she was the protegée of a certain wealthy young Creole, with an establishment of two hundred guineas per month."

The truth is—and, as we value our reputation as faithful historians, we declare—Henry was no Joseph; and he sought, in this temporary amour, to repress the encroaching passion with which he contemplated every recollection of the amiable Harriet. And as he con-

sidered it a hopeless suit, he was too much a man of honor to seek the entanglement of her affections; preferring, desperately, thus to make himself unworthy her affections, if—as he, sometimes, dared to think—she listened to him with preference.

Reader!—I have not told you that Henry was a man of fashion; I merely represent him as a frequenter of fashion; therefore, prithee, do not sneer contemptuously on the foregoing passage.

Having described the sensual pleasures of this fashionable life; let us, for a moment, inspect its intellectual refinements.

The common topics, with the male

haut ton, are; hoaxing each other, and quizzing the natives: proposals for new bets, and the arrangement of old ones: the speed of their horses, and the prowess of their dogs: certain shrugs and half sentences, *vice*, ideas—invalided: and, a determination, *nem: con:* never to attend to a great man, when a still greater man happens to be in the circle.

Among the females predominate, the art of affecting singularity; skill in equivoque; unblushing effrontery; a compound of heterogeneous questions without meaning; and a deaf ear to every thing in the shape of reply.

And who compose this brilliant throng?

It is as various as the climate we breathe. Groupes of *real* rank defying scandal: groupes of *no rank* mistaking it for celebrity. Women of *quality*, and women of the *town*, emulating each other, in ton—dash—and profusion. *Right* Honorable blacklegs, and blacklegs without *any* honor: Lords imitating Jockeys; Jockeys imitating Lords: Knights of the *Bath*, and Knights of the *post*: Peers, and pickpockets; mingling in a *fashionable* mob.

As to the amusements—they are unvaried beyond the business of the day. Bathing—a lounge among the libraries—donkey riding on the cliffs—rival charioteering along the road—dining—crowding the Steyne—filling the raffle

shops—and though last—not least—my Lady Puntwell's faro-table.

This is the fashionable succedaneum for the spirit of hospitality which dignified the characters of our forefathers; who preferred the manor-house of their ancestors to a cottage ornée; and the honest cheerfulness of their tenants, round the great oak table, every quarter day, to the emigration of folly after this, or that, obscure, fishing town—because it is the fashion!

Our hero had the honor to drive his aunt and cousin to the Course: four beautiful blood greys obeyed his rein, and two outriders attended to his nod.

Wealth may be compared to the eddy

of a whirlpool, which draws surrounding objects within its vortex of attraction. Our hero was surrounded by equestrians; the sport began—the odds ran high—three to one, Gog and Magog against the field: five to one—six to one—ten to one—Gog and Magog against the field. When lo! just as this favorite rounded the distance post, he, suddenly, bolted out of the Course.

What a scene for the descriptive pencil of the inimitable Hogarth! Helter skelter, every one pressed forward to the spot. They could not alter the fact—the odds were beaten—and Henry received five times one thousand pounds.

In these winnings, however, he went halves with Sir George Airy, who occu-

pied the box, with him, on his barouche.

The following morning, Henry called on Sir George, at one o'clock, to invest him with the *opima spolia* of the preceding day.

Sir George, in his gown and slippers, lounged, listlessly, on a superb Ottoman —his forehead bound with a cambric handkerchief.

Half rising to receive his guest,—he exclaimed in a sort of demi-semi-lisp:

"Dying, my dear fellow—absolutely, dying—such a confounded head ache!—oh, my cursed frame!—I am all nerve. Will you take coffee?—'tis most excel-

lent—I procured the receipt from an élegante at Paris—or will you taste this liqueur?—Can't do without it—winds me up—sets me going—I should be still—still as the midnight hour without it. *Goutez en, mon amie*—'tis the *veritable Martinique*—*Créme de Noyau*, and *Créme de Barbade*."

Henry did not drink *drams* in the morning; and declined this courteous offering.—Sir George continued:

"Up all night at hazard—lost a neat fifteen hundred—called up little Stott coming home.—You know the little angel, Mr. Torrid?"

"I have seen her,"—replied Henry,

—" her person is good; and her manners, I am told, seductive."

" Oh!—she's an angel!—received me so obligingly, although she had retired two hours before—apropos—pressed on her acceptance a diamond cross and ear-rings, which I caught her fancying, yesterday, at Barratt's—left her, at nine, in raptures with her wit and badinage.—She is really a belle esprit—and then so disinterested—she never will allow me to present her with a single guinea.—Sometimes I contrive to hide a fifty pound note in her *ridicule*—and then I am so happy.—She can't guess where it comes from, you know,—and so is obliged to keep it—is not that an admirable finesse?"

"Truly admirable"—replied Henry—"and I am come, most opportunely, to give a fillip to your generosity. Here are your winnings—notes for two thousand five hundred pounds."

"What shall we do?—where shall we go—my dear fellow, I am up to any thing?"—exclaimed Sir George, starting from his couch, and throwing off his robe de chambre—I had half imagined an Epigram, when you came in—but n'importe—that will do another time."

Then, wholly forgetting that he was *quite* dead—he dressed in an instant; and took Henry's arm towards the Steyne.

"Death and furies"—vociferated Sir

George, as they passed the Castle—"There's the old Baronet's carriage—just come down, I see—impossible, now, to get a peep at my little Stott.—Old fellow, cursedly jealous, and surrounds her in a magic circle, with his d—d *black rod*."

In the evening, while Henry was promonading with his aunt and cousin, the Prince joined their party.

What an abord!—what a bow!—what a smile!—Henry could have gazed for ever, on this accomplished model of a finished gentleman. Then his conversation—how unlike the flippant jargon of a modern coxcomb!—his manner appearing to receive honor, where he so highly conferred it.

But how infinitely was Henry's admiration increased, on the following day, when he had the honor to dine at the pavillion. Such urbanity of manners! —the awe of illustrious rank removed by the most fascinating condescension. Wit supplied the agency of puns; and the Champaign evaporated in the most brilliant sallies. His Royal Highness sang. —It was the feast of the soul!—Henry thought he had never lived till this day.

The races concluded, without any further event deserving notice; and an interregnum of a fortnight preceded the Lewes sports.

In this interim, walking matches were made—riding matches—and driving

matches.—One gentleman was to ride from the turnpike at Hyde Park Corner, within three months, to the Cathedral at York in twelve hours—to use as many different horses as he pleased.—A lady was to walk against a gentleman, on the Brighton sands—one mile for a thousand guineas—play or pay—but the most remarkable bet of the whole was the following.

"There," says Tom Hazard—pointing to a thorough bred horse, his groom was leading round Donaldson's—"there's blood and bone for you—bet any man, there's not such a leaper in the united kingdom—and I say done first."

"I'll bet five hundred, that I have an old blind hunter at grass, that *shall*

leap over what your horse will not"—answered a bye-stander.

"Done—and done—for five hundred, this day fortnight."

"No—the day before Lewes races!"

"Agreed."

The *exact* words of the bet were noted down.

All Brighton was filled with expectation—the eventful morning came—big with the fate of jockies and of grooms—and the leap was declared.

"There,"—said the owner of the

blind hunter—" there's your leap"—laying a straw across the path.

" A bite, by God,"—roared out the knowing ones.

" Read the bet"—said the gentleman.

It was read—and expressly said—" *What* your horse will not"—he then mounted his blind hunter; and just as he approached the straw, he stuck in his spurs, raised up his horse's head, and with a—" hark over, my boy"—*cleared* the straw in great style.

Blood and bone, however, would not rise to the leap—the bet was disputed—

and now remains to be settled by the Jockey Club.

In the walking match—bets ran high at starting against the Honorable Miss Rantipole—but she brought up her speed famously—and had just passed her opponent, within twenty paces of the goal, when the waistband of her Turkish drawers, yielding to the powers of friction, Miss Rantipole—like an old woman running in a sack—bit the sands in dolorous lamentation.

This was as bad as Gog and Magog!—the whole place was in an uproar. The bathing women, who had been staunch in support of the *honor* of their *sex*, began quarrelling—words produced blows—a ring here—and a ring there

—"fair play, by Juno"—cried a Right Honorable amateur—"Come here, Moll, I'll be your bottle holder, demme."

His lordship, as he had so gallantly promised, encouraged the *fair* pugilist, —supporting her *loveliness*, after a knock down blow, upon one knee, kneeling on the other. His lordship was successful—Moll gained the day—and was led home in triumph—her "*full-blown honors blushing o'er her head*"—attended by a crowd as numerous as the Ovation of Coriolanus.

While the higher classes were thus, rationally, engaged, two dashing coachmen—determined to emulate the genius of their superiors—made a bet, of five guineas, to drive four horses, in hand,

to Lewes and back again—the leaders against the wheelers.

Having arranged the business; each of them took a pair of horses from his master's stable. The issue was, that three, of the four, horses died—two on the spot—they were of value.

This puts us in mind of a scene in the School for Scandal, when Charles Surface's uncle goes to visit him, incog.

"*You vil shee mishter Sharles in all his glory, sher,*" said Moses—but the little Nabob, little expected to find the *footman* of his dissipated nephew, eagerly negociating a post-obit loan with Moses, before he *would admit* them to lend money to his master.

Such is the noble effect of fashionable example!

In the midst of all this busy scene—by some called pleasurable—Mrs. Hamlyn received a long letter from the Marchioness—full of tender lamentations; not for the protracted confinement of the Marquis; but for her own privations. Her ladyship, however, was not forgetful to inform the world, through the convenient medium of the Morning Post, that,

"The amiable Marchioness of Derry was unfashionably playing the nurse, at the couch of her suffering husband, whom she unceasingly attended, administering every draught with her own fair hand.

Her ladyship, particularly, inquired if the report was true, as to Henry's attachment with the *odious* Caroline—reconciling to herself, however, a certainty; that it was a mere *en passant* engagement; and would, in no wise, steel his heart against her well-regulated attacks.

These she had planned to have taken place at Brighton; but now deferred them to the ensuing winter: merely sending her *baisemains* to her cousin; and hoping he found amusement in his excursion.

This was Mrs. Hamlyn's reply:

"My dear Marchioness, *Brighton.*

"I was strumming a vile instrument,

this morning, to one of Braham's airs; and squalling perfectly en unison, when the young Viscount, whom I expected, entered. I read in his fine intelligent eyes a pleasurable communication, and whimsically striking the chords, I repeated:

> Beau page—ah, mon beau page,
> Miron ton, ton, ton,
> Miron taine.
> Beau page—ah, mon beau page,
> Quelle nouvelle apportez ?

He gave me your letter; and I gave him .... The dear fellow is always so delighted when he can oblige me; and had been waiting an hour at the post office, for the earliest delivery, to have the pleasure of presenting me with my letters.

"'Marry him then, Charlotte,'—you will say—as soon as you are free.

"Not so fast, my good Marchioness: I have no wish to spoil him; his attentions now are founded on the purest affection—he fears to offend me—and a mutual desire to please, makes us supremely happy in each other. Marry; and we should become as fashionably indifferent as our neighbours.

"Brighton is delightfully crowded. We pay fourteen guineas a week for our house on the East Cliff; but I have not met with any agreeable novelty, except a *violent* intimacy I have formed with a very dashing woman—a foreigner—who is quite the *rage* here. Extremely beautiful—extremely good natured—

and extremely fashionable. Not very young; but irresistibly amiable in her manners. It is whispered, that she is separated from her husband, and is *rather gay*; but *all the world* notices her, and these reports certainly originate in envy. She admires mamma, prodigiously; and the compliment is returned: so we are often together.

"This morning I devoted to retirement and love.—Every body was gone to Lewes—delicious remembrance!

"Mamma talks of moving to Ramsgate in another fortnight, if this place, as usual, begins to thin. I wish you were in our party. Henry is well; and returns your *Souvenir*. Adieu—'tis past

two in the morning, and I am—*somehow*, rather fatigued.

"Yours very affectionately,

"C. Hamlyn."

History informs us, that not many reigns ago, privileged persons were maintained at court, to amuse by their wit,—their eccentricity,—or their follies. This custom is, by no means, abolished in the present day: and although great men do not entertain jesters for their amusement; many jesters frolic, at every public place, and are received, on various pretences—or, to answer various ends.

Among these modern buffoons, every body must have noticed a little skipping sort of Champanzee—half an animal and

half a man—on the perpetual hop, step, and jump, after every demirep of ton. He pays for their fruit, coffee, and bon-bons; and is, therefore, tolerated.

My gentleman, however, took it into his head,—because Caroline always laughed, immoderately, at his absurdities, —that she was charmed with his attractions: and being rich as another Crœsus, he mustered courage to send her a very tender billet, enclosing a bank note for an hundred pounds; and soliciting *ten minutes* conversation.

The note was accepted; and an appointment made. His surprize, however, was very great—on entering the room—to find Mr. Torrid with his dulcinea.

She arose; politely presenting the gentlemen to each other: "Mr. Torrid"—"Mr. Tellessiere"—upon which she placed her watch on the table.

"Bless me—Mr. Torrid! You are the very man I wanted to see.—Pray, do me the pleasure to dine at *my* house to-morrow, and give me your opinion of *my* cook, and *my* cellar.—Heartily welcome, I assure you, my dear friend—heartily welcome."

This short speech was uttered with so much confusion, and with so many trembling breaths; that he had scarcely finished it before Caroline arose, and shewing him the watch, told him—his *ten minutes* were expired.

The servant, immediately answering the bell, was desired to shew Mr. Tellessiere out.

"And, harkee, my friend"—said Henry, following to the top of the stairs —"If I catch you, again, poaching in *my* manor—*my* servant shall make you heartily welcome to *my* horse-whip."

The Lewes races had nothing in them remarkable: it was a transfer of company from one town to another: and the money was won and lost mechanically. Among the crowd, however, of nondescript buggies, and smart taxed carts, the *unicorn wheelbarrow* of a dashing blade, from Change Alley—"stopped the way."

Bob Discount was the boy to astonish the natives. A narrow driving box, mounted on a lofty dog cart, moved on a single wheel; and was drawn, or rather harnessed with, three sleek cropped donkies in nankeen night caps: but *three* asses proved too much for *one*—and having made a certain run with the carriage, at starting, they came to a sudden halt: tucked the little remnant of their tails between their legs; and, finally, dropped on their knees, as devoutly as if they had been in a Methodist chapel.

This was a terrible mortification to Bob—the tables were turned—and the town blood became the laughing stock of the natives, whom he had travelled upwards of fifty miles *purposely* to quiz.

A few mornings after was devoted to a cock-fight; and Henry not taking any pleasure in that sort of *amusement*, left the ladies to be *chaperoned* by the gay Viscount.

The Steyne was isolated; and Henry had taken a turn or two, when he perceived a gentleman, crossing from the Pavillion, who was generally known by the name of the *Dumb Man*.

A person rather bent—more perhaps from habit than age—features in which Lavater would have read so many receipts for making epigrams—and an air of formal superiority—characterised the man. His appearance was of the last century: A suit of snuff-coloured broad cloth with round gold basket buttons—

small gold buckles to his shoes—a rose to his hair—and a diminutive cocked hat.

He passed every forenoon at Donaldson's; but no one had ever heard him speak. Henry, therefore, was more than surprised, when this singular Cynic approached him, and with the polished address of a gentleman of the *veil cour*, requested his company for half an hour.

Henry readily acquiesced; and they mounted the eastern Cliff.

After a little prefatory conversation, the *Dumb* Man thus addressed our hero.

" You are doubtlessly surprised, young gentleman, at the liberty I have

just taken, with you, in opposition to my usual habit: but your countenance pleases me. I behold an ingenuous candor, uncontaminated by courtly hypocrisy —defined good breeding—that pleases me. I see you surrounded by dangerous pleasures, with the warmth of youth to gild the fascination, and a fortune which enables you to wish and to command. I would be your Mentor."

"I do, indeed, confess myself surprised"—answered Henry—"but most agreeably so. Your manner is irresistibly impressive; and I would, most willingly, become the pupil of your counsel and experience."

"You confirm me"—replied the old gentleman—"by the unaffected lan-

guage of your address. With ninety-nine out of a hundred, I should be laughed at for my impertinence; and compelled to leave the place, or run the gauntlet every time I again appeared in public.

" It was not, always so, my young friend. When I was a boy, a gentleman was as well known by his dress and his address, as by his arms and his liveries. Now—good lack a day!—the one resembles the buffooneries of a Scaramouch—the other, all the chequer'd variety of a Harlequin.

" *Then*, the gentleman was known by his polished manners; and his embroidered coat bespoke his rank. *Now*, the easy graces of an Angelo are lost in the

knowing swing of a pugilist: and the only difference between the master and the valet, is, that the latter sometimes shews a semblance of modesty."

"You are rather severe, my good Sir"—retorted Henry—"the manners change with the age; and if your grandfather could start from his frame in your picture gallery—he would find as much to censure in your appearance, as you find in mine."

"*Then*," continued the Cynic—without replying to Henry's remark—"our daughters were modest—our wives virtuous. I do not, by this latter expression, mean to infer, that virtue is obsolete in the present day. No! there are, I am convinced, many women who pre-

serve the chastity of their persons, while their minds are familiar with every species of depravity.

"What is it to me"—says my Lord Townly—"whether my wife gives her heart to a powdered coxcomb, or to a black knave?"

"And yet"—said Henry—"much may be admired in the present system of female education: The English ladies are more highly accomplished than formerly—the arts, now, form part of their studies; and. . . . ."

"The arts"—interrupting him—"yes, Sir, the art of painting—the art of coquetry—the art of dissembling—the art of gambling!

"*These*, are the favored pursuits of our female philosophers. The study of the toilette follows hard upon that of the primmer: their French governesses and French femmes de chambre, are no better than so many b—ds: they prostitute the mind of the pupil, and never suffer the face to appear, in public, out of masquerade.

"Ere the youthful votary enters her teens, she has learnt the secret of her two toilets—the *toilette mysterieuse*, and the *toilette ouverte*: the one comprehends an encyclopedia of artifices; the other only the science of coquetry. There, Miss—or my Lady Arabella—sits before her glass—studies grimaces—practices attitudes. She, playfully, discomposes the meanderings of a love-lock—the

well-trained ringlet circles her beautifully taper finger—she finds the badinage infinitely nouvelle.

" With married women, it is carried still farther. *Favorites* are admitted to this little privacy fitted up with voluptuous taste. In the middle of winter, art preserves the richest blooms of spring, breathing odors around the room. The lady carelessly lolls on a chaise longue—her pug deranges her slipper, and discovers a beautifully small foot, or well turned ankle—She practises whim for the day: and studies sallies of imagination for the evening. The gifts of Nature borrow new captivation from this employment. The eye sparkles: her countenance becomes touching: her smile resistless.

" In the art of dissembling, they are more than equal matches for Lucifer himself. They change their characters with their dress—suiting both to the occasion. At one moment, they put on the insensible—then the languishing—the capricious—but when they would wholly subdue mankind, they wear the charms of sensibility arrayed in all the mimic attitudes of unassuming loveliness.

" They will paint, patch, sigh, whine, ogle, love, or commit any other *fashionable* extravagance, to slip into a coach and six, without even taking the pains to look into the character, or merits, of the coxcomb whom they entrap.

" As to gaming—when this baneful

habit has once taken full possession of the soul—the ill-fated enthusiast stops at nothing.

"The passion is, in itself, inordinate; and no sacrifices are considered too great in the indulgence of its appetites. The female gamester, first *pledges* her honor; and next *loses* it. She does more—she turns common cheat, and leagues with cotemporary profligates to pigeon the unwary adventurer of his fortune.

"You shudder, my young friend; but I could point out instances, in the first circles of our proudest Nobles, to confirm my assertion.

"And now, Sir, tell me"—turning

to Henry; and appearing to search his inmost mind, with the bold inquiry of his penetrating glance—

"Are you prepared to resist this combination of allurement and profligacy?—Have you understanding to fathom the depths of dissimulation?—fortitude to resist the advances of beauty?—and discretion to guard your own honor?

"You are beset—farewell—remember me."

With these words, he abruptly retraced his steps; leaving our hero so overcome by surprise, he knew not whether he should follow or not.

"But it matters little"—he added, after a pause—"We shall meet again, and I will fathom this extraordinary being."

At one moment, Henry was disposed to think him an impostor; but the idea was transitory. He evidently wished to befriend him, however singular his manner. Then his declamation, notwithstanding its virulence, was, certainly, the effect of worldly observation.

In this way—musing—and perplexing his brain with indefinable doubts and conjectures—Henry, once more, found himself on the Steyne; and was presently joined by Sir George, and others of his friends, returned from the Cock-pit.

"Quiz my nobility, but that's elegantly singular"—exclaimed a Lordling, pointing to a gentleman just alighting at the hand-railing near them—

This gentleman was an arbiter elegantiarum in the fashionable world. His appearance, on the present occasion, as well as his understanding, *justified* this preference.

His dress was a fawn-colored frock, with a black silk waistcoat, and white corded smallclothes; pink silk stockings, and yellow shoes; a brown hat lined with green.

"How d'ye like my new purchase, my lads of wax—there's shape—make —and figure—Got by Highflyer, out

of—out of—demme, Jack"—slapping his next neighbour on the shoulder—"what mare is my colt out of?"

"A cart mare"—was the laconic reply.

"Hah! hah! hah!"—laughed the little sprig of nobility—"Petrify me, but the retort was excellent—Attic—villify my veracity—truly Attic."

This is the world we live in: where senators, gravely, sit in council on the pedigree of a race-horse; or scientifically decide on the merits of a boxing match: Yet these guardians of the public safety will doze, or affect inattention, during the discussion of a political question; comprehending, perhaps, the

future welfare and honor of the nation!

The last witticism operated like a signal for attack: every tongue, in the circle, was called into action. Henry took advantage of the confusion to walk away with Sir George from this modern Babel; when the Baronet, among other anecdotes, related that of the Brighton tailor.

" And a most profitable job, Snip made of it"—continued Sir George— " Nothing would do with the female world but the Brighton tailor. All the women declared they never had been so well *fitted* in their lives—Mr. Snip's *habits* were so *delightful!*

"Now, whether the rage for his habits, or the consequent rage for riding on horseback, braced the female system, I do not pretend to say: but certain it is—from whatever cause—Brighton was remarkably prolific that summer."

The month of September was nearly at hand, and Henry engaged in a shooting party. It was a sport at which he was tolerably expert. An honest Hibernian in company, who, from a Volunteer, had risen, by his merit, to a Majority in a dragoon regiment—thus complimented him on his skill:

"By Jasus, my dear fellow, although I love fighting as well as ever I loved mother's milk, I would rather *go home* with you, than *go out* with you."

"Your countrymen, Major"—replied Henry—"are as much renowned for bravery as hospitality. You give laurels to your country, and pleasure to your friends."

The Major had a soul to *feel* for the honor of dear Ireland; but his reply was confined to a hearty shake by the hand, and an expressive glance that uttered volumes. To bravery and hospitality, Henry might have added, wit and humor, as highly characteristic of all classes in that country.

When Lord Towns—d was Lord Lieutenant, some years ago, he heard so frequently of the humor of a shoe-black, who took his seat on the Blind Quay, ... in, that he determined to judge

him, in person. Accordingly he walked out, early one morning, incog. and put up his shoe to be cleaned. The celebrated wit, however, silently performed his office; when his Lordship, much disappointed, presented him with a guinea, desiring to have change.

"Is it change your Honor wants?"—replied Pat—"Then, by my soul, your Honor might as well ask a Highlander for a knee-buckle, as me for change."

Dean Swift—then unacquainted with Dr. Arbuthnot—having stepped into a coffee-room, one morning, seated himself in a box where a gentleman was busied writing. The Dean called for coffee; and took up a paper—Meanwhile, his opposite neighbour had written to

the bottom of his page; and being anxious to pursue the train of his ideas—he, hastily, inquired of the Dean, if he could oblige him with a little sand.

" No faith"—replied Swift—" but I have the gravel, most d—nably; and will *oblige* you by ——— on your letter with all my heart."

From this repartee, a friendship commenced, which only ended with their lives.

A day was appointed for Mrs. Melmoth's departure; and it was proposed to travel round the Coast.

Meanwhile—our hero had the mortification to seek the cynic at his accus-

tomed haunt, in vain; till, perplexed with the recollection of the scene that had passed between them, and impelled by a curiosity he could no longer resist, he sought him at his lodging.

Here all inquiries were fruitless; except to ascertain, that the old gentleman left Brighton on the evening of the day they had conversed together: but as to who he was—where he came from—whither he was gone—all was a blank!

No circumstance had lately occurred to rouse the native energies of Henry's impatient temper, so decidedly, as the present.

In what way was he to construe the admonition he had received—for admo-

nition it assuredly was intended to convey, and that of the most alarming nature?

He entered into no expenses his fortune was unequal to support—his follies were in compliance with the customs of haut ton—his connection with Caroline, a mere appendage, unfettered by any attachment that might blind him to his own interest, or lay him open to the wily artifices of a woman enlisted in that corps, whose charter it is, to fleece their benefactors, and squander their ill-gotten treasure on a pampered favorite—What, then, could it mean?

As Henry vehemently proposed the inquiry to himself, a sort of new light burst, at once, upon his faculties . . . . . .

"Good Heaven!"—he exclaimed—"does the benevolent stranger mean Madame de St. Amand?"

A burning flush crimsoned his cheek at this unexpected discovery.

This lady—the bosom friend of Mrs. Hamlyn, as she describes her to the Marchioness—was a native of France, possessing all those tinsel accomplishments which catch the eye; but never, really, reach the heart.

Her father was a nouveau riche, raised almost from mendicity, by the Revolution, to affluence. In the midst of grandeur he still retained the original meanness of his ideas; and was indebted to

his several tradespeople for the tasteful embellishments of his luxurious hotel.

At this sudden elevation, the subject of our little memoir was just entering her fifteenth year—d'une belle taille—des yeux vifs—la mine charmante—et d'une jeunesse la plus brillante.

Her father, without morals himself, scarcely cultivated them in his daughter. His ostentatious entertainments—calculated, alone, to gratify his vanity—were given to men of dissolute character, who eagerly flocked around the lovely Julia to assure her of their adoration.

The voice of love stole, insidiously, into her little heart—it fluttered again,

and again. She consulted Rousseau's Heloise—his *hypothesis* was delightful; but Julia was for *experimental* philosophy: the opportunity soon offered—and she set down Plato for a fool.

Her curiosity, once gratified, she reduced the indulgence to a system. Her temperament offered no material objection to her plan: she changed her lovers, as she changed her dress: she yielded to sentiment, but was free from jealousy—her gallantry was habitual, but mild: no extravagant rapture in its progress: no fretful inquietudes to give publicity to her repeated infidelities. Her circle of lovers crowded round her as friends: every body admired the douceur of her manners.—In short, she lived in the bosom of voluptuous dissipation, without

injuring her character; and was well received in the *best* company.

It would not, however, have been possible thus to guard her fair fame from slander, without the protection of an husband's name. The father of Julia, therefore, sought a suitable match for his daughter, in the person of Mr. de St. Amand; a descendant from among the ancient Barons of Normandy. Too proud to follow any profession, the poor gentleman starved in an out-house of his mouldering chateau, when the rich banker proposed an alliance.

Ceremonials were easily adjusted; and the bride arose from her contaminated couch to pledge her vows at the altar: and, thus sanctioned, returned

home to renew her licentious pleasures.

Monsieur retired, à ses terres, upon a pension; was seldom permitted to come to Paris; and, when he did, he was to have neither eyes nor ears—to occupy a petite appartement, and know no more of his wife than, that she did him the honor to bear his name—to give him children whom he never saw—and to make him contemptible.

We shall contrast this story with another anecdote of a decayed gentleman, from the same province, who came to Paris on account of an old family lawsuit.

Presenting himself in the gardens of

the Thuilleries; several petits maitres made a stop to admire the cut of his coat; which, in truth, had been the gala dress of his grandfather. At length, one of them, exclaimed with a sneer,

" These old Normans are as famous for the length of their coats, as for the length of their law-suits."

The Baron instantly insisted on the gentleman's retiring: they did so—and, at the first lunge, the Baron ran his antagonist through the body. Upon which, he returned to the circle they had just left; and, politely bowing to the company, requested to know, if any *other* gentleman would have the goodness to alter the cut of his coat.

Poverty may be called the touchstone of a man's honor: those who have weak minds sink into degeneracy—those who are more powerfully fortified by nature, rise into superior dignity.

The preceding historiette was not, however, known to Henry. He admired Madame de St. Amand, as a fine woman—was pleased with the graceful ease of her manners; and remarked, that even the national frivolity of her sex was mellowed into fascinating vivacity.

Latterly, indeed, the lady had been somewhat pointed in her attentions to our hero; but he was not so much the coxcomb as to suppose every woman, in love with him, who was agreeably po-

lite; and would never, most probably, have bestowed a thought on the subject, but for the alarm given him by the friendly Cynic.

Henry sought the solitude of his chamber, and devoted an hour to ruminate on this oppressive subject.

"That women"—said he mentally—"should thus pervert the gifts of Heaven, and make hyænas of themselves. How faithful is, I fear, the picture offered to me of prevalent depravities; and how much have parents to answer for, who rear up a tender offspring, equally susceptible of good and bad impressions, to their own eternal damnation!

"Who can doubt that the existing

profligacy of female manners is the immediate result of fashionable education? When the mind imbibes virtuous opinions, they ornament the whole person. *Internal* beauty contributes to the perfection of *external* graces.

"Instead of the elegant English Classics, destructive Novels lay the original foundation of opinions; which, afterwards, cling to them through life. She who has no taste for Pope, Addison, or Milton, fills up her vacant hours with Faublas, or the Monk; and while the sensible and virtuous mother makes her own roof the safeguard of virgin innocence, the dissipated parent neglects—even if she does not contaminate—those moral duties, toward her child, prescribed to her by duty."

Henry, unconsciously, was inspired, during this soliloquy, with the purest sentiments of exalted love—The mild, unobtrusive virtues of the amiable Lady Harriet rose up in judgment against all else he saw and heard—awakening, to melancholy pleasure, the sensibilities of his heart!

Love is the emperor of the Imagination—his throne is erected in the hall of Fancy—whose peculiar attribute it is, to color objects, not in obedience to their absolute forms, but with the magic touches of self-delusion: Thus influenced, the object of our affections assumes a more than mortal beauty.

Love engenders the most perfect delight that can affect the senses—Sensibi-

lity!—that precious source of every virtue, when amiably directed:—it corrects our follies—weakens our pride—softens our nature. It creates a perpetual desire to confer mutual pleasure, free from obligation; it is chaste as it is ardent.

There are, it is true, certain boasting sentimentalists, who gloss with false and subtile reasoning the emotions of the soul, and prate about the beauties of the mind; but theirs is the brilliancy of a meteor—all false glare.

Soon after the party arrived at Ramsgate, they were joined by Colonel Melmoth; and Henry saw, with no small degree of anxiety, that Madame de St. Amand had pursued them thither. At least so it appeared to him; and he pro-

posed to the Colonel to make the tour of Margate for a day or two.

"All my heart"—replied he—"d—d good sport among the old musty cits from Dowgate Hill—Tooley Street—and Blackwall—Like to hoax them—wives, second-hand fine ladies—daughters, like flights of daws in peacocks' feathers."

From the pier of Ramsgate—gaily decked with beauties from the Steyne—Henry was taken by his cousin, very early in the morning, to visit the humors of the pier of Margate.

Here crowds of *mongrel* fashion mingle, in a mob, to hail the arrival of an aunt, a cousin, or a friend, when the approach-

ing hoy displays its well filled decks: and here the aforesaid hoy disgorges, from its capacious maw, a litter of half starved nondescripts. And it is not a little singular to see these Jonas's of the morning, matamorphosed on the fort, at evening, into beings "lightly tripping on the fantastic toe," in all the *finery* of Cranbourn Alley.

On their retiring to Mr. Garner's library, this self-important little Roscius of the town approached the strangers, to give them the news of the day.

"A masquerade at the theatre—a public breakfast at Dandelion—Mr. Le Bas' benefit at the rooms—Mrs. Jordan expected for three nights—and lastly, that all the world would be at

church on the morrow—Sunday—as a certain beautiful young duchess, and one of her sisters, had declared their intention to collect, at the church door, for the benefit of the Bathing Infirmary.

Henry had some difficulty to prevail with the Colonel to accompany him to church—the soldier declaring, he should not know where to find the service—but in consideration of the novelty of the thing, he consented to look *foolish*—as *he* said—for, *once*, in his life time.

When they arrived at the church, however, they found it impossible to gain admission—the aisle—the entry—every nook—was filled.

"They order this matter better in

France"—said Yorick, in reply to observations on a national custom.—I borrow his sentiment, as he did the drummer's letter to the corporal's wife, —at the exigency of the moment.

They order *this* matter better in France, then, I fervently repeat; and this the portrait of their custom.

THE QUETEÛSE

is always in the prime of youth, and bloom of beauty: her dress is simply elegant; and a bouquet shades her, otherwise exposed, bosom, without destroying the illusion of fancy. The lady is attended by a cavalier, and bears a large silken purse. In the middle of

the service, she advances up the aisle, soliciting, with bewitching condescension, the mite of every individual. Should any one hesitate—she pauses—repeats her request in a softened voice, accompanied by a gracious smile. The magic eloquence of white teeth—a naked arm moulded by the loves—and supplicating eyes—remove all difficulty.

Who could resist the appeal?—By heaven 'tis not in mortal man to be a stoic on such occasions!

The miser's hand, mechanically, finds his purse—he makes his offering—the Quêteûse *rewards* him with a graceful curtesy; and presenting herself to the right and left pursues her pious office.

This is an appeal from beauty, to the heart, which all find irresistible.

Perhaps some little vanity attaches to the act itself; as there is much rivalry among these beautiful Queteûse: those, most valuing themselves, who have procured the largest contributions—the end, however, is served; and if it be a *weakness*, it is certainly an *amiable weakness*.

Henry, with difficulty, approached the church door, and placed a bank-note on the plate.

Were I to declare the amount, the man of the world might call it ostentation. I, therefore, leave the decision to

the man of benevolence—simply stating, that every action of our hero marked the munificence of his soul.

Margate is, almost exclusively, the retreat of cockneys, from the confinement of their smokey homes. In days of yore, a city apprentice wore his worsted stockings; attended church; and scarcely knew his way beyond the stones-end. —It is reported, that a young cub, so habituated, was treated with a walk to a short distance from town, by his father, where they passed the night.

Early next morning, the young cit was awakened by the *crowing* of the cocks, and jumping up in a violent hurry, he exclaimed—" Father—father —do you hear the cocks *neigh?*"

In these days of refinement, boots and leathers supersede the worsteds behind the counter—and a trip, on the water, with a gay milliner's girl to Richmond, qualifies these second-hand bucks to mimick the monkey that had seen the world.

But the frequenters of Margate are made of more substantial stuff. Mrs. Putty hears that Mrs. Dip is going to the sea side—Mrs. Dip has been told that Mrs. Cheshire is already gone ; and the spirit of emulation sets every female tongue of the family in motion.

" Why can't I do like other people? —I am sure we owes nobody nothing, though some folks holds their heads higher than some folks.—Then what is

the use of giving one's girls such genteel iddications, if we dont give them no opportunity to shew their talons.—Han't they learnt a whole quarter at Mr. Allen's evening school for grown ladies and gentlemen; and who goes better dressed to meeting, I wonder, than we does—or who looks more respectabler?"

To avoid this constant din, the honest shopkeeper relents—they embark on board the hoy, with band box upon band box, not forgetting a hamper well stored with eatables. If the cit is firm—he allows a certain sum for the excursion, and no more,—and if he is wise—he encourages them to spend it as fast as possible, that they may return to the shop as little prejudiced, as may

be, by the folly and frivolity of a custom "more honored in the breach than the observance."

The Colonel led our hero to Sayer's bathing rooms, at the fashionable hour —Miss Wilhelmina Suett, from Clare Market, had just been prevailed upon by her *lovier*, Captain Pullett of the *wollunteers*, to favor the company with an *Harriette*: and Miss Wilhelmina was buffetting the *piano* with all the *forte* of an enthusiast, accompanied by the Italian graces of Caroline in the Prize, just as our party entered.

Miss Pattypan was dying with envy at this public display of a rival's purdigious accomplishments; and Colonel Juniper, of the Saint Giles's Corps, was

presenting her with *thieves* vinegar; while Miss Theodosia Allspice was endeavoring to evince her contempt, by certain disdainful tossings of her head, and repeated bursts of vacant laughter.

"May I never smell powder," exclaimed the Captain—"but Miss Vilhellminny is han hangel—nothing like hit at the Hopera—crucify me."

"Believe not," retorted the Colonel—"monstrous like their hown marrybones and cleavers—monstrous like, indeed! —Smells hof the shop—he! he! he!"

"What can that there feller mean"—rejoined the Captain, swelling like one of his turkey cocks, and advancing with a menacing air—"I'll let you know who

I ham, sir!—I'm a gemman—hand han hofficer—hand vears ha sword, sir;—hand hall that."

What reply Colonel Juniper—who was a man of *spirit*—would have made, we are unable to ascertain, as a violent fracas, at that moment, threw the whole room into a confusion.

Mrs. Suett was a little rosy faced woman, about four feet and an half high; dutch built; but erect as a halbert; her embonpoint tapered to a six inch petticoat below—" small by degrees, and beautifully less." She swept the carpet, in triumph, with a train resembling that of the great Queen Dolalolla; when—oh! dire mishap—but such was the will of fate!

An immense Newfoundland dog, dripping from the sea, entered the room and joined the *elegant* throng. The ladies shrieked; and Mrs. Suett, trembling for her Japan muslin petticoat, and inspired beyond a woman's fears, boldly made a desperate kick at the rough intruder.

The effort was *powerful;* but the Japan was *weak:* an envious rent aspired above her knee, discovering the mottled beauties of a greasy flannel dickey.

Mrs. Suett, at this disaster, uttered a piteous oh!—and fell prostrate on the carpet.

This scene of confusion was still en-

creased by violent shriekings from the other end of the room.

Master Jacky Udder—all nerve—fainted at the uproar: his two broad faced sisters held his pretty little unclenched hands; vociferating, loudly,—"that nothing but burnt feathers would restore their dear brother."

The feathers began to smoke—the Amazon sisters pressed eagerly around their jessamy brother—the heir apparent of Milch-hall! Their Gipsey hats were removed to admit their more convenient approach, and their THREE RED HEADS grouped most terrifically.

Mrs. Suett, now opening her *azure* eyes, cast a wild look around—the

smell from the feathers, with the appearance of the smoke and fiery heads, conveyed to her scarcely awakened mind a certainty that the room was in flames.

Fire !—fire !—fire !—roared lustily the affrighted dame; and taking to her heels—unmindful of her petticoat, whose extension, happily, accelerated her speed—she ran into the High Street.

Colonel Melmoth followed, giving her the view halloo—the boys pursued—and the day being fine, and the scent strong upon the wind, the delighted raggamuffins fairly hunted Mrs. Suett into cover; where she gladly squatted: her form distilling *sweets* at every pore; as "the Arabian trees their *aromatic* gums."

We have already stated, that Madam de St. Amand was a proficient in the art of pleasing: she eminently possessed the happy talent of making others obey the very letter of *her will*, by appearing to be solely guided by *their wishes*—that fascinating power, by which superior minds govern those inferior.

She could assume an enchantment of countenance to conciliate esteem, confidence, and affection. It was not the gross incence of flattery—not the servility of supplication—but an open, candid, ingenuous, semblance of affection, extending to minutest objects, that engendered pleasurable emotions; made others *feel* she loved them; and made them eagerly return her love.

When such a woman, systematically, attacks the heart of unsuspecting youth, what chance has he to escape her toil? Henry was forwarned—guarded—yet fell.

With beauty to command—with assumed modesty to conquer—she gave new embellishments to luxury: gaie—folatre—distinguished by "mille graces picquantes"—her society became, at length, essential to Henry; who eagerly obeyed her invitations—not as a garçon de bonne fortune; but merely because he took pleasure in her company.

Towards the close of October the party returned to town: Mrs. Hamlyn's

heart fluttered with expectation. The long vacation had retarded her divorce; but her proctors assured her the approaching term would give her liberty. Her little page, as usual, followed on her steps? but mamma, *so obligingly*, made it appear to the world, that he was a favorite of hers—a boy she was forming to the offices of polished society—that scandal had not, as yet, made busy with the lovers.

The Marquis, and Marchioness were gone to Bath, whither the faculty had despatched them. Henry sighed—he had *taught* himself to expect he should see Lady Harriet at his return, and the disappointment was excessive. He would not allow himself to suppose he loved her; much less to attempt a

clandestine interview. His passion was noble: devoid of any selfish wish: he loved Lady Harriet for herself!

Meanwhile, he called frequently, in his rides, on Madame de St. Amand; who resided, at a little recess, on the King's Road—a bijou—where every voluptuous profusion was concentrated.

Every man may be a rake; but a man of pleasure is a superior being. He is gallant; not over scrupulous; but refines his enjoyments by taste—by certain manners, that soften and polish even the most sensual delirium: decency accompanies his pursuits; and he enjoys the fulfilment of his wishes with dignity.

Such were Henry's tenets; and the entertainment offered to him, by this accomplished syren, was so exactly made up by his own receipt, that he unguardedly sat down, a willing guest, at her luxurious banquet.

We cannot better detail this event, than by presenting our reader with a letter, written on the occasion, by the lady to her former gallant.

"My dear Lord,

"Enjoyment is the reward of those, only, who understand its value—all else is sensual pleasure, unworthy the participation of noble souls. Such you know to be my creed: and, indeed, it is the creed of my sex, at large, if they had but honesty enough to confess it.

The most rigid moralist freely *acknowledges* the *feelings* of nature; although she permits the laws of custom to restrict their vivacity. I, you know, am not quite so conscientious; and if it be a crime to taste of happiness—condemn me—for I have been supremely happy.

"Attend!

"Last evening—whether by *fatality*, or otherwise, God only knows—my lovely Indian paid me an *unexpected* visit. I was alone—and it has been said by some great writer—no matter who—'that a woman's thoughts are most dangerous on such occasions.'

"Henry, certainly, felt this truth: his fine intelligent features beamed with

more than mortal love: he must have read his conquest in my eyes; and, inspired by hope—wit the most poignant—gaiety the most playful—embellished our tête-à-tête. I was, as it were, magnetised: the electric fluid mingled with my veins; and our conversation became delicious.

"An opposite mirror, accidentally, reflected my person.—Ah, my dear Lord, NEVER, in our *happiest* moments, did you behold me half so handsome. I felt the conviction, powerfully, even if Henry had not assured me of it, by his passionate expressions and animated gesture.

"I soon decided—and merely feigned

a coldness to his wishes to make the frenzied moment more ecstatic.

"But I could not long conceal the strong emotions of my inmost soul. The habit of feigning, or the practice of resistance, would be, equally, a novelty with me. My features—my silence—my embarrassment—all, betrayed me.

"I arose—my limbs, instinctively, led towards the little cabinet of love, so oft the witness of *our* mutual endearments.

"In this sweet asylum—the chosen retreat of every luxury; where, the bright flame of love was never yet prophaned by languid joys or unrequited passion—I found my head grow giddy

with contending emotions. Happily, Henry had, unperceived, pursued me thither; and caught me in his arms.

"The softened pressure of his warm embrace completed the delirium: he pressed, with a glowing hand, my palpitating heart—reflection vanished—a sweet charm surrounded us—our limbs trembled—our strength failed—We fell, in each other's grasp, at the feet of my Medicean statue!

"Adieu, my dear Lord, and remember that you love me always—call, as usual, to see me; but respect my system—I repeat it—and no more scolding.

"Julie."

MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SARASVATI MAHAL

My Lord was too well experienced in the school of gallantry to play the jealous simpleton. He knew that there were three degrees of passion, each of which, must have its natural course.

The ardent, which sedulously avoids even the shadow of an infidelity.

The lukewarm, which seizes the opportunity of wandering.

The exhausted, which watches every woman's critical minute.

He, therefore, contented himself with returning a billet doux, to this effect—

False though she be to me and love,
I'll ne'er pursue *revenge*:
For still the charmer I approve,
Tho' I deplore the change.

In hours of bliss we oft have met,
They could not always last;
But tho' the *present* I regret,
I'm grateful for the *past*.

His Lordship, then, to avoid the congratulations of his friends on his dismissal—put the letter in his pocket, and driving to Boodle's, exposed it to the circle of his friends.

Henry, now, had broken through the *premices* of gallantry; and was qualified —according to the opinion of Mrs. Hamlyn—to tread the rosy path of all

seductive pleasure, hand in hand, with yielding beauty.

Meanwhile, a pressing invitation from the Marquis determined Henry on a trip to Bath. His Lordship spoke of his health, as being considerably re-established; and hoped to be able to attend the birth-day, when the Ladies Lucy and Harriet were to be presented.

Behold our hero, now, entered on a new scene of gaiety and fashion.

This point of elegant attraction always fills at this season of the year: its vicinity to Wales, and local position, which excludes the use of equipages, draws many respectable families from Ireland, and other parts of the United

Kingdom, to winter, elegantly, at much less expense than in London. Variety is, thereby, given to the beauty of each female circle; and the entertainments are so various, and so well regulated, the senses are perpetually feasting, without being glutted.

Every body knows that the town of Bath is wholly indebted to the exertions of Beau Nash, for the consequence it now enjoys.

The place was, originally, a resort for cripples and diseased persons; and chance, which first discovered its mineral baths, and their leading virtues, has been, by tradition, thus handed down to posterity.

While Bladud, the only son of Lord Hudibras, the eighth king of the Britons from Bruto, was a young man; he, by some accident, became sorely afflicted with a leprosy; and lest the infection should spread among the nobility and gentry who frequented his father's levees, the young prince, was, at their request, banished the court.

On his departure, the queen his mother presented him with a ring to identify his person, hereafter, when it might please God to restore him to health.

The young prince, thus exiled, encountered a shepherd as he travelled over the downs, feeding his flocks. With this poor man he exchanged gar-

ments; and taking leave, he sought an employment corresponding with his humbled appearance.

Fortune favored the royal adventurer, who soon after obtained from a swine-herd, then living where Cainsham now stands, the care of a drove of pigs; and the better to conceal, from his master, the misfortune under which he laboured, he requested permission to drive his pigs to the opposite side of the Avon, where he could fatten them on acorns that abounded on the neighbouring hills.

In the morning, he crossed the Avon at a narrow stream, which he called Swineford—and now, the Sun, breaking through the clouds with superior lustre, beamed on the royal herdsman.

Impressed with this awful sight, the Prince knelt before the glorious luminary; and prayed, fervently, that the wrath of Heaven, against him, might be averted.

Suddenly, the whole drove of pigs—as if seized with a frenzy—ran, madly, up the valley; pursuing their course by the river's banks, until they reached the spot of ground where the hot springs of Bath still boil over.

The scum emitted by the waters, naturally flowing among the leaves, and weeds, scattered in its neighbourhood, a sort of bog surrounded the spring.

The pigs, immediately immerged themselves into the yielding morass—

and were so delighted with the warm oozy bed they wallowed in, that Bladud was unable to withdraw them from the spot.

At length, hunger compelled them to follow their herdsman to a more convenient situation, where he fed them; and having made certain arrangements for their safety at night, and washed them, he hoped to remove the infection from the whole herd.

A few days after, Bladud lost one of his best sows; and his most diligent researches were fruitless, for near a week; when, to his great amazement, he discovered the strayed animal immersed in the mire around the waters, and perfectly free from leprosy.

Convinced of the powerful efficacy of the waters, the Prince immediately stripped, rolling himself in the mire, just as the sow had done; and, afterward, administering the same remedy to his whole charge, their white scales, gradually, dropped off; and they, as well as himself, experienced a perfect cure.

Bladud, now returned with his herd to his master; and discovered to him his rank; promising, at same time, to insure him the protection of the king his father, as soon as he returned to court.

The swineherd listened with great attention; and concluded, from the singularity of the story, that his servant was mad. The uniformity of Bladud's con-

duct, however, and the superiority of his manners, soon won on the cottager, who resolved to attend him to court, to be satisfied as to the truth of what he had uttered.

Not long after their arrival at the palace, Bladud found an opportunity, when the King and Queen were dining in public, to drop his ring into a glass of wine about to be presented to the Queen.

Her Majesty, having drank, perceived the ring; and instantly exclaimed— "Where is Bladud my child?"

At these words, an universal consternation overspread the court; when the Prince, advancing into the circle, pros-

trated himself before his royal parents. Their transport was unbounded.

On the accession of Bladud to the throne—he having preserved the secret of his cure—he went to the hot springs, where he had received his miraculous cure; made cisterns about them; and built himself a palace, with houses for the chief of his subjects: the place, then, taking the name of Caerbren, because it was the seat of royalty.

These waters, according to Dr. John Jones, in an epistle dedicatory to a book bearing date 13 May, A. D. 1572, called, "The Bathes of Bathes Ayde," have been known for two thousand four hundred and sixty years, or thereabouts.

King Bladud gave a very handsome estate to his old master, and his heirs for ever: and having laid the foundation of the city, and reigned a few years; he died in a manner too tragical to be passed over.

His Majesty having issued his commands for the buildings to be erected, devoted himself to study—insomuch, that he initiated himself in the science of magical operations, and taught necromancy to his subjects.

At last he conceived himself to be preternaturally gifted, and attempted to mount the regions of the air, with wings he had fabricated for the purpose. In this he failed—and falling on a temple

in the city of Trinovantum, dedicated to Apollo, he was dashed to pieces.

After his death, his body was deposited at New Troy; and it appears by an ancient record, that New Troy and Trinovantum, were one and the same place, and *that*, no other than the *present* city of Bath.

The ancient city has evidently been destroyed several times, either by civil commotions, or by fire; and it has been ascertained by persons employed in digging about the city, that the ancient ruins lay ten or twelve feet beneath the existing edifices.

Under the direction of Mr. Nash, Bath—then one of the poorest cities in

England; composed of rude inhabitants, mean houses, and corresponding manners—arose, gradually, into its present celebrity. The Pump Room, the Old Assembly Room, and all the seeds of refinement, which have since so luxuriantly branched into perfection, were the work of his hand. And he had the satisfaction to witness this growing improvement for upwards of fifty years, that he reigned King of Bath, by the united and voluntary suffrages—not only of the inhabitants, but the kingdom at large.

He was a man of infinite taste, elegant manners, and, above all, goodness of heart. He was distinguishable by a white cocked hat, which he invariably wore; and never moved out of the city

—where chairs only are used—without four horses to his chariot, and two outriders with French horns. He published his edicts, daily, as circumstances required; and insisted on an unequivocal obedience to them.

Many anecdotes are related of his government; placing him in different points of view—but always to advantage. The following will shew his unlimited power.

It was the fashion of those days to wear, in a half dress, an elegant lace short apron, with pockets in front; and one evening several ladies appeared at the rooms wearing these aprons.

Nash was extremely offended at this mark of disrespect—his balls being al-

ways dress balls—and testified his disapprobation, publicly; which he confirmed, next morning, by a new edict, *positively* forbidding their re-appearance.

The Princess Am——a was then at Bath, and a warm patroness of Nash's. Her Royal Highness had signified her intention to visit the rooms on the following evening, and Nash waited at the door to receive his royal visitor.

Perceiving the Princess to be habited in a lace apron, the moment they entered the room, he, respectfully, loosed the knot, placed the apron beneath his arm, and led her Royal Highness—who laughed with extreme good nature—to her seat. After this, his WILL was never disputed.

The upper and lower rooms have each a Master of the Ceremonies, which situation is both honorable and lucrative. They wear medals over the neck, richly ornamented with brilliants, presented to the office by the public.

The Marquis received our hero with much kindness; and the Marchioness with all that endearing affability which so eminently distinguished her—A certain mixture of tenderness and propriety, qualified by gaiety, that spoke volumes; yet did not tell a tale.

Henry, on the other hand, had always viewed his cousin as a superior being—he really loved her—but it was an affection proceeding from his adoration of

her virtues, unnerved by a single trait of *warmer* sensibility.

He resumed his post; and the Marquis being able, with the assistance of a crutch, to take his own amusement, they traversed the country, daily, in every direction; visited the Hot Wells, Clifton, and Fonthill the magnificent seat of Mr. Beckford, where art, taste, and luxury proudly rival each other. Badmington, Farley Castle, and other neighbouring seats, also claimed their attention. The Marquis rented a house in the Lower Crescent, whence the view of the country, rising in front, and intersected by the Avon, affords, on a fine day, the most picturesque scene.

In the midst of this easy familiarity,

the noble Lord's family was thrown into a state of inconceivable consternation by a packet from town; and the next day's paper detailing the whole event, all the gossips in the city—male as well as female—eagerly crouded to the Pump-room to ascertain the fact; which was simply this:

Two days, previously, had been appointed to hear the Hamlyn cause. The unfortunate husband—without money—without friends—contemplated, with unspeakable horror, the verdict which he foresaw would be pronounced against his honor.

As the day approached, agony succeeded agony; and mortality must have yielded to the mighty pressure; had not

Nature, in its kindliest mood, releved his manly heart with woman's tears. His little playfellow, who smiled with cherub cheerfulness, while he partook the garret of his father, in that father's presence—terrified at a sight so new, eagerly climbed his parent's knee; and mingling the unaffected tears of infantine condolence, with the big drops that chased adown poor Hamlyn's cheek—sweetly conjured him "to cease crying, if he would not break his little William's heart."

While this scene passed, on one hand, mark how the fair Infidel employed her time.

Jane—her former maid—whom she had continued to protect and support,

under the *benevolent* impression, that the poor young creature was not to be lost for one venial fault, attributable to the subtleties of a wicked monster, rather than to a failure in her own principles. She, therefore, *nobly* gave her every assistance: by which, she was enabled to make a very gay appearance. The neighbours,as she jaunted out in her new furr'd pelisse—not forgetting to say—"Ah, you see how it is—that big belly did not fall down from the moon—'tis a wonder how such husseys should thrive, when honest, hard-working, people can hardly earn enough to maintain their families, and keep away the wolf from the door."

The day was piercing cold—every kennel was strongly frozen; and Mrs.

Hamlyn had, very kindly, *prevailed* on Jane to take a glass of cherry brandy before she went out in the cold; and Jane had prevailed on herself, to take a second while Mrs. Hamlyn stepp'd, for a moment, in the next room: and thus fortified, she prepared to return homeward, wishing her dear lady success, the next day, against that *vile* man, who could *desert* so much innocence and beauty, to rob her of her precious vartue.

As she closed the sentence, Jane wiped her eye, and took leave—the housekeeper, just then, tapping at the door.

But when the *conscientious* Jane reached the street; she felt, gay, lively, alert; and putting her best leg foremost, al-

most glided along the street: when, the air associating with the cherry brandy, Miss Jane's head soon became as light as her heels, and she tripp'd, with terrible violence, on the icy pavement.

A gentleman passing, and observing that she lay without motion, benevolently offered his assistance to raise her up; when it was discovered, that one of her thighs was broken. Upon this, he ordered a coach to convey her to Middlesex Hospital—the poor girl not being able to declare her address—whither he, humanely, attended in person.

The pain of uniting the broken limb, brought the wretched sufferer to her senses: a restorative was administered,

and she groaned, piteously, with excessive pain.

At length the surgeon told her, that the fracture was so complicated, he feared it would be necessary to take off the limb. On receiving this information, she wrung her hands in agony, and would have prayed; but she declared she could not.—She fancied herself dying; yet could not ask for mercy.

"Oh, Sir!"—seizing on the arm of the surgeon—"I have been a sad wicked creature. Suffer me not to quit the world loaded as I am with sin. For God's sake, send instantly for a magistrate—and let me strive to save my poor soul."

Her manner was so frenzied, the young man feared an access of fever— She appeared, also, near her time—he thought not an instant should be lost in complying with her request.

A gentleman instantly attended from Berners Street; when, amid sighs, groans, shrieks, and agonies, she incoherently related to the following purport.

"That she was a poor girl, the daughter of an honest cottager, who, having a large family to maintain, pressed her to seek a service as she advanced to womanhood.

"That she had, soon after, the good fortune as she then supposed, to be taken

into the family of Mr. Hamlyn, as a maid of all work.

"That she was much distinguished by her mistress, who gave her presents unbecoming her situation; but which too effectually flattered her vanity.

"That her mistress perceiving the effect produced on her weak mind, augmented her attentions; and, at length, plainly declared to her, she would make her fortune; that she should be enabled to dress like a fine lady, all the days of her life, if she would but consent to do her a *little* service.

"That the result of this conversation was, proposals on the part of the mistress, and a fatal acquiescence on hers, to

feign herself with child, and swear the child to her master.

"That a divorce would in all probability, on such her testimony, have been decreed the following day, had not the Almighty, for his own wise purpose, so counteracted their wicked plans.

"That Sarah Moffatt—whose address she gave—had been bribed by Mrs. Hamlyn to sell her the child of which she was, then, nearly eight months gone—and that such child was to pass for the issue of Mr. Hamlyn and herself.

"That she had, consequently, feigned pregnancy; and every body had been deceived."

She then related the conversation that had passed, that morning, between Mrs. Hamlyn and herself; and pro-a twenty-pound note in confirmation of it."

The magistrate said he would immediately issue a warrant for the apprehension of Sarah Moffatt; and then enquired of the doctor, whether he feared his patient to be in danger.

He replied, every thing was to be apprehended from the irritable state of the patient's mind; but that her youth was much in her favor.

The magistrate having offered her a consolatory admonition, and prayed her to conceal nothing of this dreadful trans-

action, took his leave, promising to call next morning.

With the earliest dawn, Mrs. Hamlyn arose—but although she strove to feel as light as she wished to be—the effort was fruitless. An involuntary oppression chid her too great anxiety, and the unqualified joy with which she had, hitherto, expected the hour of trial, was, repressed by an emotion of which she knew not the name.

Behold her in the Court. Surrounded by her family—encouraged by her friends—a crouded gallery of well dressed women intently gazing, with eyes of compassion, on her untoward fate. Some admiring her extreme beauty—others delighted with the innocency of

her countenance, and the modesty of her deportment.

The libel having been read; and the enormity of the case laid open to the court by Mr. Attorney General; he prepared to substantiate the *facts* he had stated, by evidence.

"Let Jane Harvey be called."

The cryer, thrice, announced the name of Jane Harvey—and, thrice, he proclaimed the forfeiture of her recognisance.

A junior counsel now arose; and having briefly related to the court the accident which had befallen the witness; stated, that he was in possession of her

deposition, which, he prayed, the court might order to be publickly read.

The judge complied—but the clerk had not read many lines, before Mrs. Melmoth and Mrs. Hamlyn shrieked, and fainted. Many ladies were seized with hysterics in the gallery; and the court was impressed with an air of solemn horror.

Here let us pause!

The age of the fair delinquent—the peculiar atrocity of her crime—call for our serious contemplation.

Modern infidelity, not only tends to corrupt the moral taste; but promotes the growth of vices, hostile to social

happiness, and degrading to humanity. Religion changes with the fashion of the day—the understanding changes with it—and reason assists the illusion by a brilliancy of sophistry, calculated to mislead any mind without principles; as well as to encourage the errors of those, who vainly think themselves sufficiently wise, to depart from the establish maxims of their COUNTRY—its TENETS—and their GOD!

It is much to be lamented that writers—whose talents stamp celebrity on their opinions—have too much encouraged this baneful practice.

We read, in Fontenelle, "That the law of infidelity in marriage is a cruel and barbarous law: that when man and

wife *cease* to love; they, progressively, *begin* to hate: that the desires are variable and ambulatory—made so by Providence—and, that their indulgence is conformable to the laws of human nature—primary to all other laws!

"Are divorces favorable to inconstancy?—Certainly not.—They would, the contrary, prevent crime: for when the marriage of two persons is equally irksome to both, they can only be compared with two unfortunate people chained, by the order of an implacable tyrant, to the same oar—is it then morally a sin, to seek a relief from such a bondage?

"A desire to be happy is the wish of every one—and the promotion of that

desire should be an object with the state. Whereas, to be *compelled* to suffer a reciprocity of torment, is a punishment not decreed by Heaven—nor can Omnipotent Mercy ordain it as an expiation of our transitory errors in this life."

Helvetius tells us, " That, in some countries, men have a plurality of wives, as well as concubines: in others, they do not marry till after three or four years probation: and, that there are still other countries, where women are in common; or, where the union of the man and wife is of no longer duration than their love.

" Whence comes it, then,"—he adds —" that this important problem, so

essential to the public good, has never yet been, properly, resolved?

"Because nations, being obstinately attached to their ancient customs, will not change them, unless compelled by absolute necessity. Meanwhile, societies subsist; though less happily; and the supine legislature is content."

The frailty of human nature readily coincides with every dictate of illusive sympathy. It, therefore, behoves the moral few, to hold up this existing evil, like a mirror, to the world at large—and not only to point out the dreadful mischiefs to accrue—by precept, but to make the contrast more striking—by EXAMPLE.

In this hope—we do, most fervently, join!

The Marchioness ordered her doors to be shut against the friendly condolements of her fashionable intimates. The Marquis was like a madman; and Henry palsied with astonishment.

In this seclusion, Lady Derry, thus, addressed her sister.

"*Lower Crescent*,

"Thoughtless, inconsiderate, weak, young woman! what is now become of your daring philosophy?—what aid can you employ to stem the tide of contumely, rushing in torrents to overwhelm you?

" Prudence, like the girdle of Venus, gives grace, beauty, and allurement to the wearer: had you possessed *common caution*, with a man, so dotingly blind as Hamlyn was to all your foibles, you might have been as happy as you are, comparatively, wretched.

" I agree with you, that every rational being seeks enjoyment from the expansion of the mind. We feel the comprehensive powers of the intellectual gift, and thirst to employ them in a general and comprehensive view of things. We contemplate the variety which observation presents us with—we compare—separate—or combine. But believe me, Charlotte—however I may, formerly, have argued—superficial

views are all that ever were intended for the study of our sex. The softer powers to please are feminine prerogatives, and we should be contented with them. Philosophy finds votaries enough among mankind.

"Have you never analized the different emotions with which you have viewed a gallery of paintings?

"The majesty that reigns in the draperies of Paul Veronese excites our warmest admiration: we wonder—but our feelings are more agreeably touched with the simplicity of Raphael, and the graces that flow from the pencil of Corregio—they are impressive.

"In like manner, the bold opinions

of a female Casuist may *provoke* surprise, but they never can *command* a warmer approbation;—she is, at best, half a woman, and half a philosopher, without the perfections of either.

"Farewell—I pity you from my soul—but the Marquis forbids more—we cannot meet again; my system shuddering at *open* disobedience, alike to the laws of society, and the *reasonable* wishes of my husband.

"Yours affectionately,

"EMMA."

On the following morning, however, the Marchioness, at the express entreaty of her Lord, appeared, as usual, on Henry's arm in the pump room; and

in the evening at the theatre; determined to brave it out.

Nobody, of course, ventured to speak *openly* to her Ladyship on the deriliction of her sister: the eyes, gestures, and pointed whispers of all around her, bespoke, however, the subject of their thoughts. But the Marchioness, on this occasion, was even more than her amiable self: the smile of bewitching affability sported on her lovely cheek: she flattered every one with such becoming grace—such delicacy of allusion—the charm was irresistible. Even scandal, for the moment, was suffered to retreat, and every female bosom acknowledged the superior influence of flattery.

Flattery is a kind of civil idolatry; it worships images of its own creation; and then, like the bold Promotheus, animates them—not with the fire of the sun—but with the brilliant sparks that emanate from collision with self-love.

A poor Derveish travelling o'er the scorching plains of Hindustan, had the good fortune to find a small magic mirror, whose property it was, to reflect beauty on every object, however deformed, who gazed upon it. The border was of pure gold, impressed with certain talismanic characters.

"Alla, be praised!"—exclaimed the Derveish—and pursued his route to the city of Delhi.

Every morning the poor Derveish stationed himself before the principal porch of the grand Mosque; and as the female votaries of religion approached to prostrate themselves before the prophet; he presented, to them, his magic mirror, and was always repaid with more than common alms.

For a length of time, the Derveish pursued his successful avocation; till being taken ill, he deputed his son to attend the Mosque.

Towards evening the youth returned; but brought no alms with him.

"How, my son!"—exclaimed the astonished Derveish—"how is this?—

did you present the mirror, as I instructed you, to all who passed?"

"Father!"—returned the abashed youth—"I was so delighted in contemplating my *own* figure, that I forgot to obey your orders."

"Oh, thou simpleton!"—answered the Derveish—those, who flatter others, are WISE—those, who flatter themselves, FOOLS."

And this was the magic mirror held up, by the Marchioness, to all her friends—the talismanic characters were her own personal graces, whose illusive powers new modelled the circle that surrounded her.

Bath may be called the nursery of the London theatres, and always abounds with promising young pupils. Henry enjoyed a mental feast.

The following evening was passed at the rooms; and it is, merely, justice to declare, that no place in England—during a full season—affords so brilliant a circle of polite company.

The young, the old, the grave, the gay, the infirm and the healthy, all, resort to this seducing vortex of amusement. Ceremony, beyond the essential rules of politeness, is totally exploded. Every one mixes upon an equality; and the rooms offer rational amusements for every evening in the week—the which, however, regularly cease—even in the

middle of a dance—the moment the clock strikes twelve.

But this privation is amply *compensated*, by the midnight orgies of the faro table—rouge et noir—and lotto; which elegant amusement reigns, in all its pride, at the house of a lady of fashion, in the upper town.

This *obliging* lady is a widow; *blessed* with two daughters highly favored by the graces; and these accomplished creatures are so *hospitable*, that while they feast the senses of the men, they have the talent, likewise, to feast their own pockets. On which *little* pickings they live genteely, and contrive, out of three hundred per annum, to spend three thousand; and yet keep clear of

debt. You feel it an HONOR to salute them—they feel it a GLORY to fleece you.

Some evenings after, was distinguished by a private masquerade given, by the Marchioness of Derry, to a *select* party of about four hundred persons.

The lovely hostess appeared in the character of Night; habited in black crape bespangled with diamonds: the effect was singularly elegant.

Henry personated a negro in his holiday cloaths; strumming a Banja—which is a sort of guitar, with three strings, on which negroes are very expert performers.

Three fancy figures representing, *Rose*, *Didelot*, and *Parisot*, appeared with garlands of artificial roses, and performed the celebrated pas de trois, with inconceivable expression and grace.

Tiddy Doll—the gingerbread man—very profuse in the distribution of his nuts; which, being purposely prepared with honey and kyan, set every one dancing who partook of them, as if they had been bitten by a Tarantula.

"*Shave you, directly, sir*"— a most excellent Dicky Gossip—his lather was mixed with lamp black; and applied, without much ceremony, to every passing chin.

A Bacchante—not in the least *ashamed*

of a well shaped leg and ancle. This lady was remarkable for harmony of spirits—elegance of movement—and brilliancy of repartee.

A fille de Chambre—she might have fallen off her centre to eternity, without putting the virtue of a sentimentalist to the proof.

La Fleur, in his scarlet coat, from the Rue Friperie—blue satin waistcoat twice scoured—silk stockings, bag, and bouquet.—" And above all, nature had given him a handsome person." This mask, admirably well supported. Many of the female dominos appeared disposed to qualify themselves to want pardons from Rome.

A Chimney Sweeper, in the fineries of May day.—The little sooty devil was here, there, and every where—extremely well supported.

There were many other characters—without spirit, humor, vivacity, or badinage.

Henry, about one in the morning, was just retreating from a circle, whom he had been amusing by dancing—in character—a Negro dance; when he felt himself gently pulled by the sleeve.

An elegant female domino, as he turned round, presented herself to his notice. She was very closely masked, and dressed in light blue silk: her finger

pressed on her mask, over the lip; and perceiving herself observed, she, hastily, retreated to an inner room, almost vacated.

Throwing herself on a sociable, that filled a distant recess—Henry who had closely pursued her, occupied the vacant seat.

The lady, then, raising her left hand, extended the fingers; and running over the vowels with the middle finger of her right hand—looked steadfastly at her companion.

"Proceed"—replied Henry with the help of *his* fingers.

"Can you be secret?"

"As the grave."

"And as dull?"

"Try me."

"At the fruit shop in the Abbey you will hear more—ONE, to-morrow—away!"

So saying—with the airy graces of a fairy, the mask tripped forwards, leaving our hero lost in astonishment.

"The gauntlet is at my feet, by Heaven!"—thought Henry—"and it shall be my fault if I do not take it up."

On his return to the room, he was accosted by a mask dressed in a tarnished lace frock. Good humor smiled, on his

countenance; and when he opened his lips, they instantly announced his country.

"Arrah, now—my good fellow—would you just be after informing a foreigner—who is your countryman—will he get some supper soon? for indeed, and upon my honor, eating and drinking is so unconscionably dear in this same little City of Bath, I thought I might as well dine and sup together; —'tis saving trouble you know, honey."

"Œconomical and thoughtful"—said Henry.

"Och! success to old Ireland—there you may buy a whole salmon for six-

pence—skipping alive, you rogue you—and twelve mackerel for two-pence."

"Why then—my good sir—did you leave so cheap a country, when you fear expence?"

"Why did I leave it?—arrah, my jewel! and where would I get the *six-pences*, and the *two-pences*—you know!"

A magnificent supper, and some excellent songs; particularly a duet by Dermot and Judy—highly in character—concluded the festivities; and, by five in the morning, the rooms were completely cleared.

At noon, Henry arose; and feeling

it would not be *national* to neglect his appointment, he was true to the hour.

An old woman—leading him into a small back shop—told him he was a happy man: that she had the honor to *serve* all the nobility and gentry that came to Bath, and could promise him it was the lady's *first slip*.

"Who is she?—where is she?—when can I see her?—where can I see her?—speak!—speak!—or for ever hold your tongue."

This rhapsody was qualified by a ten pound note.

"Softly—your honor—softly!—Warm and generous: Heaven bless you

—you shall never want any thing in *my way*—but as I was a saying—well, then, your honor, first promise me that you will not utter a single syllable if I lead you to an appointment."

"Rather a hard imposition, my bonny dame."

"Promise, sir, or I proceed no farther."

"Well I do—that—any thing—you keep me on the rack."

"But you must observe what you promise—faithfully, and as a man of honor—may I trust you?"

"By Heaven you may."

"Swear, that you will not press the lady by any sign, token, or action, to prolong her stay, one minute, beyond her will."

"Never fear me.—I swear I will not."

"As to that—your honor—she will not be in any violent hurry to run away—she'll stay as long as it is prudent, I warrant me. Well then, be here at nine this evening—nine exactly."

At dinner the Marchioness expressed a wish to go to the play.

"You will attend me, Henry—we shall be alone—I will muffle up in a pellisse."

"Your Ladyship will excuse me, I am sure"—said Henry, reddening as he spoke—"when I assure you I have a particular engagement that I cannot put off.

"But, indeed, my Ladyship will not excuse you, Henry—are you not my avowed Cecisbéo?—do I ever stir out without you?—and will you oppose my command."

"Your Ladyship is certainly too despotic"—said the Marquis—"Young men must have their engagements, and it is not fair to probe your cousin too deeply."

"Well then, I consent—but remem-

ber, Henry, this is an infringement on your allegiance. I expect that you ask my permission, ere you dispose of yourself for the evening."

At eight our hero took leave; and the Marquis said he would go to the club. Her Ladyship—thus deserted—ordered her chair; observing, slightly, that she might as well pass an hour some where. The gentlemen promised to return to supper at twelve.

The Abbey clock struck one—two - - - - - - -

Henry, who had been waiting, rushed into the old woman's shop.

" True to your word, I see"—said

this convenient dame—" I am ready, and you may follow me."

They came to a court.

" Now you must let me blindfold you, your honor."

He gave her his handkerchief, and she bound his eyes. Presently, the old woman stopped; and with a key from her own pocket, she opened the door.

" Mind your steps—now you are at the bottom of the stairs—turn to the left."

He reached the landing place; and his conductor, having blown out the candle she carried, pushed him through

through an opened door: he found himself in a room, with just sufficient light, from part of an unclosed shutter, to distinguish a bed.

This intelligence was sufficiently explanatory, and he profited by his good fortune.

At about half past eleven, the old woman knocked at the door, and told Henry he must immediately depart.

He remembered his promise, and complied. The same caution was observed at his retreat; and when they reached the corner of the court, he was released from the bandage, and desired to call, at the same hour, on the Sunday morning following.

He did so; and received an embossed, perfumed note, with these words, written in remarkably small, but equally distinct, characters.

> Bell' Idolo d'amore,
> Che m'impiagaste il core,
> Dinanzi à te veng'io—
> A chiederti pietà.

To this gallant billet—Henry returned the following reply.

Disguised—one night—I rush'd from home,
  To seek communion with my soul;
By silent steps I reach'd the dome,
  And to Love's chamber *softly* stole.

On a voluptuous couch reclin'd,
  In sweet repose, I found the maid;
My breath—like aspens on the wind—
  To Love's alarum *softly* play'd.

Two fingers—then—to half expanse,
I trembling op'd—with fear oppress'd—
Then gently pull'd her veil askance,
And, *softly*, drew her to my breast.

Trembling with love—with hope—with fear—
At length her ruby lips I press'd:
Sweet kisses, oft—mellifluous—dear—
Softly I snatch'd—was, *softly*, blest.

Now, by her side, with bliss I glow'd;
Swift flew the hours in am'rous play;
At length, the envious herald crow'd,
When, *softly*, thence I bent my way.

Evening came—the same ceremony—the same repast.

Meanwhile Henry had received frequent letters from Madame de St. Amand; and others from Caroline, complaining, *tenderly*, of his absence; and

praying him—*if he loved her*—to return soon.

Again, and again, he was admitted to his mysterious beauty—for imagination had clothed her in all the charms of youth and loveliness—and still had preserved his oath. He—breathing forth the fond impatience of his love: She—gently murmuring all the transports of her soul. The birth-day approached: On the morrow the Marquis and Marchioness set off for town; Henry had his own travelling chaise, and promised to follow in a day or two.

He thought—so powerful is conscience—that the Marchioness looked at him with a sort of inquiring glance, as he hesitated in naming the positive day

of his departure—But how was it possible to leave his charming incognita? He resolved to be more than pressing with her, at the next interview; to learn her future destination; and plan future meetings.

"Well, my good friend," said he, entering the fruit shop—"when shall I . . . ."

"The lady—your honor—has left Bath."

"Left Bath"—Henry repeated, recoiling at the sound—"impossible."

"I wish it was—your honor—such a sweet-tempered, obliging, kind, good, charitable young lady—I am sure I could

cry my eyes out: but what good would that do, your honor?"

Finding it to be really so—Henry bribed, entreated, threatened, swore, prayed—but all to no purpose: She either did not, or would not, tell who his enamorata was, or where she was gone.

In this state of uncertainty, he pettishly flung out of the room; muttering, something, very like a curse on the poor old woman—who, no longer "*Cupid's Messenger*," appeared in all her native *want* of agrémens.

At dinner, Henry sat pensively—his usual flow of spirits had forsaken him—He would give the world to know more

of his incognita. He frequently caught the Marchioness's eyes gazing intently on him; but he continued silent: the more he strove to rally—the more he found the effort unsuccessful.

In the morning they parted: Henry saying he would follow them, in course of the day.

As she leaned upon his arm to her carriage, the Marchioness playfully said,

"Be sure you bring your heart away, with you, Henry—You will find employment for it, this next winter, in town."

Kissing her hand, the carriage drove from the door.

Henry paid another visit to the fruit shop. He laid his purse upon the table: desired her to name her price: he would make her fortune, if she would relieve his torments.

But all to no purpose. He went home, extremely discomposed; and ordered his carriage to be ready at two.

In the mean time, he visited the court, where he found about ten or twelve small houses, on either side; but nothing that, in any wise, could guide him to the scene of all his former raptures. He found himself violently in love with a woman he had never seen.

Such is the perverseness of human nature, we covet the *shadow* that is beyond

our reach; and despise the *substance* that courts our acceptance. On Madame de St. Amand he scarcely ever bestowed a thought—She, who, by art, could distend the passions to a very agony of bliss—she, who woo'd him, with endless raptures, to her arms—he could, willingly, give up; but the mysterious beauty—she, whom he never had seen; and, most probably, never should see—oh, he *loved* her more than life. Even Lady Harriet, during this paroxysm, was forgotten.

About eight in the evening, he dined at Reading; and having recruited his spirits with the best wine he could get—"hot with the Tuscan grape"—he resolved to drive straight to Caroline's—"he should—*so agreeably*—surprise her!

and no remedy was so good to drive *one* woman out of a man's head, as—*another* woman."

By the bye—I never knew any good arise out of these *surprises*: they are very sentimental, no doubt; but a man often sees, more than he wishes; and if he is wise, he will not draw the veil that hides his own miseries from him—This in the way of digression.

There was a strange sort of bustle and confusion when the carriage stopped in Manchester Street; but then it was two in the morning; and every body shews awkwardness and stupidity at being suddenly called out of bed from a sound sleep.

"How is your mistress, Betty?"

"Pure well, I thank you, Sir!—Mistress will be *so happy* to see you. She is for ever talking about you, Sir."

"Your mistress is a dear, sweet, creature—Come, light me up stairs."

"My dear Henry!

Miss Caroline had thrown a wrapper over her shoulders; and pressing her lover to her heart, saluted him as above, with every symptom of unaffected pleasure and endearment.

"Had you but stolen up quietly—Henry—you would have caught my sister Soph in bed with me; and you

know what a little prude she is—We should have had such fun with her."

The lady retired to bed, while her *dear* Henry was undressing; who, having made *rather* a singular discovery, replied to her last sentence,

" And pray, my dear, does your sister Soph wear pink silk braces?"

" Braces, Henry!"

" See here"—holding up a very handsome pair of gentleman's braces.

" Perhaps"—added he—" your sister Soph can tell me something about them —I will inquire"—taking a candle.

"This is my house—Mr. Torrid—and I insist on maintaining my own privileges. If you are mean spirited enough to be jealous, I don't desire your company. The door by which you entered, Sir, will give you free egress."

Possibly this last speech was played off as a finesse. Be that as it may—Henry, calmly, put on his coat again, wished her pleasant dreams, and departed; taking with him the braces, which he declared should be exposed on a poll, in Bond Street, to be claimed by the rightful owner.

Next day he wrote to Caroline as follows.

"Dear Caroline, "Limmer's.

"I do not like any one to meddle with my amours: nor do I think it fair to interfere with those of others.

"Adieu. We shall meet at some public place—till then believe me

"Yours sincerely,

"H. Torrid."

"Pray accept the enclosed bills."

His valet returned with an answer.

"Manchester Street.

"Dear Henry,

"I admitted you on my establishment with pleasure; and dismiss you without pain.

"Ainsi va le monde.

"Your bills are most acceptable; and as I hate to be outdone in generosity, enclose you a few of mine; which will, I hope, prove as acceptable to you.

"I shall die till I have the happiness to see you—En attendant—

"Yours affectionately,

"CAROLINE."

Henry enclosed the lady bank bills for five hundred pounds; and the lady returned him tradesmen's bills for upwards of two thousand.

"She's a girl of spirit, at any rate"—said Henry—"and every man deserves to be thus cajoled who wastes his fortune upon an unthankful harlot. The money this extravagant jade has cost me,

in one summer, would support twenty poor deserving families all the days of their lives."

Our hero was never less in temper with himself. Such incalculable profusion! "Should he pay it?—certainly—or her person would."

A smile beamed on his countenance.

"Good Heaven! shall I suffer that lovely form which I have fondly pressed within my arms, to writhe under the poisonous touch of a villainous bailiff's fangs?

"Never!"

And he ordered the whole to be discharged.

"Psha!"—cries the snarling critic—"your hero is not generous—he is licentious."

To which I reply; the happy medium of knowing *when* to give, and *how* to give, is a secret known to few. Mankind is usually liberal beyond prudence; or parsimonious beyond meanness.

We have established one fact—let us attempt the other.

When the present Duke of N——then Earl of P——, commanded a marching regiment, at Limerick in Ireland; he—after many rubs, and repeated *broad* hints from the newspapers—consented to give the officers a public dinner; which he ordered at a tavern, in

the town, at *one shilling and sixpence* a-head.

The officers hearing this, were resolved to shew the *generosity* of *their* souls, and the *littleness* of *his*. For this purpose, they went to the tavern keeper, and desired him to prepare the dinner at *one guinea* per head, and they would pay him the difference.

When the company assembled at table, they found a first course comprising every delicacy in season: the second was still more costly: the desert magnificent.

The noble Earl was astonished—and his astonishment increased, when burgundy, champagne, and other costly wines, appeared upon the board—but he was silent.

The company drank his health with three times three—admired the splendor of his entertainment, which they declared to be worthy the house of P—— and indeed, so well did his guests enjoy their entertainment, they sat till eight in the morning, breaking and spilling, when they could drink no longer, purposely to swell the bill.

In the morning, the Noble Earl sent for Mr. Boniface, and asked him the meaning of the dinner he had served up, and whether he supposed him so simple as to pay for it.

"Please you, my lord,"—answered Boniface—"I claim only eighteen pence a-head from your Lordship."

"How so?"—demanded his Lordship.

Mr. Boniface explained—and the Noble Lord felt so much ashamed of his penury, that he paid the whole amount without another comment.

These are the extremes which form the Scylla and Charybdis in the sea of life: and happy is the man, whose skill and experience teach him so to trim his vessel, that he avoids the fatality of either rock.

The profusion of the one, however, enriches many—the parsimony of the other gladdens not—even his own heart!

Henry repaired to his Uncle's in Charles Street: his aunt, only, was at home. She told her tale, varnished with a hypocritical tear; and concluded, with lamenting, that Mr. Melmoth *had driven* her poor child from his house; and would not suffer her name to be pronounced in his hearing.

The evening he passed in Park Street —but who can express his feelings at his sudden meeting with Lady Harriet!— To her the surprise was excessive—an increasing glow, upon her cheek, added to her native beauty; and an amiable confusion gave new graces to her inborn modesty.

This salute was, mutually, awkward

—but apparently unnoticed. They talked of the birth-day.

Lady Harriet scarcely ventured an opinion—but Lady Lucy was Gaiety, mounted on the very tip-toe of expectation.

When the young ladies retired for the evening, and had dismissed their woman—Lady Lucy, with an arch smile, said,

" I know what I know, Harriet."

" Well, my love, and what do you know? That you shall make numberless conquests at St. James's?"

" No—but I know how somebody

blushed, to-night, when somebody came: and I, *now*, know too why somebody has been so pensive all the summer—seeking the most private recesses of the Abbey for her contemplations, and refusing to play the fool with poor little I."

"Are you mad—Lucy?—What can you mean by this nonsense?"—her neck perfectly carnationed.

"Oh"—continued Lady Lucy, in mock heroics—

"How sweet a torment 'tis to love,
"And, ah! how pleasant is the pain:
"I would not, if I could, remove,
"Or disenchant the magic chain.

"Tho' Henry's eyes do give me laws;
"And me of liberty beguile;
"I, like a martyr, love my cause,
"And on my dear tormentor smile.

"There, Harriet—there's an impromptu for you—a jeu d'esprit—You may perceive I am too lively to be in love. I can laugh, and sing, and dance, and sleep sound at night—What would you give, Harriet, to say as much?"

"Your Ladyship really gives your sister a pretty character. If, indeed, I were in love with a person, who never addressed any language to me, beyond the forms of politeness and good breeding, I should betray a forwardness of disposition, which I rather hope is foreign from my character."

"True, Harriet, but don't you know words—*sometimes*—making nothing in themselves, swell into importance with the help of certain accents—certain pa-

thos—certain glances—or certain gestures. And I am very much mistaken, indeed; if, when you looked so simple, this evening, Henry did not look as foolish to the full."

"You, certainly, are more than commonly ridiculous to-night, Lucy; but you madcaps will indulge your joke, even though you lose your friend."

"Well then—seriously—my dear Harriet; *You* are in love; and Henry is in love: He is a dear amiable fellow, and you a mistress for a monarch; but you are both so *bashful*, I quære if he will ever have the courage to tell his love; or you the courage to refuse him, when he has made the discovery, notwithstanding your *inclination* so to do."

"Do you call this being serious—Prithee, Lucy, let us retire, and leave this foolery till morning."

"Let me explain my data, and I will. Now listen to the following fragment.

TIMID LOVE.

"..............................

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.... And Zulima having arrived on the borders of a lake, whose pure, transparent, bosom, scarcely undulated; the beauteous maiden paused to seek repose.

"Coral and sea-weed grew beneath her footsteps; the sand was impregnated with sparks of golden ore, that glittered

in the sun. At a little distance she beheld a citron grove, whose deeply-laden boughs offered to the weary traveller a rich repast. The myrtle—the hyacinth—and the rose—mingled their sweets, filling the air with a delicious perfume. The feathered choir nestled in the aromatic shrubs; warbling their native melody on the enraptured ear.'

"But soon the eyes of Zulima yielded to superior attraction. A little winged seraph, borne on the surface of the stream, upon a shell of pearl, occupied her sole attention: Two variegated tortoise were lightly harnessed to his car: and the lovely charioteer, with mingled hope and fear, timidly receded in his slow approach.

"The mind of Zulima was pure as is the mountain snow that tops the lofty Gefron: Modesty and Innocence were the twin inmates of her heart; and a peaceful serenity reigned within her tranquil bosom.

"She welcomed the blooming stranger to the shore; and repaired, with him, to the adjoining bower: her arms of alabaster folded his infantine form; and her ruby lips pressed welcome on his blushing cheek.

"Delicious poison!——Behold the youthful Zulima, now, pensively reclined, in yonder deep recess impervious to the cheerful rays of day: the slow and languid motion of her eyes bespeaks a

mind perturbed: a painful pleasure revels in her breast: the lily supersedes the damask rose that blossomed on her cheek: She pines in thought!"........

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END OF VOL. I.

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